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THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

THE superiority, in point of debating power, of the Upper House to the Lower has not on the present occasion given the debate in the former House its customary advantage in point of attraction. Not that that debate of itself declined below the usual standard of the Lords. But, just as Ireland is the central point of interest in the political situation, so the opinions of Mr. GLADSTONE constitute the central point of interest on the Irish question; and on Mr. GLADSTONE's opinions Mr. GLADSTONE himself is, if not the most trustworthy, in another sense, at any rate, the highest authority. After listening to all that he has to say on that subject, men may find themselves discussing it more or less—perhaps more than ever—in the dark; but obviously they must discuss it in the dark before Mr. GLADSTONE has himself been heard on it. This was well illustrated in the exchange of interpellation and reply which took place between Lord GRANVILLE and the PRIME MINISTER. The latter referred to certain "declarations in favour of Home Rule which we believe to have been made by leading statesmen," and the former inquired with too daring an assumption of innocence what were the declarations referred to. To this, of course, Lord SALISBURY could only reply that they were declarations "which had appeared in the newspapers," whereat, of course, Lord GRANVILLE laughed superior, and the PRIME MINISTER had to describe the declaration thereafter under the apt, but not oratorically convenient, figures of the "kite" and the "pilot balloon." The friends of an ingenious author of such devices obtain, in short, an unfair controversial advantage in any discussion of them carried on in his absence. They can tacitly assume the truth of the declarations, if and when it suits them, whereas in the opposite case they can pooh-pooh them without possibility of rebuke or even of retort. Everybody must desire in such cases to go to the fountain-head and to hear what the distinguished kite-flyer or balloon-inflater has to say for himself, and to judge him thereby—or if not by his speech, by his silence. Fortunately, we have in this case the most ample materials of both kinds for a decisive judgment.

We are not ourselves, of course, of the opinion that it was necessary to wait even as long as this for a sufficiency of such materials. But others are not in our case. Incredible as it may appear, there is actually reason to believe in the existence of a certain section of Liberals who expected Mr. GLADSTONE to make some statement the other night which would dispose once for all of what they were pleased to call the "pretended revelations" of his views on Home Rule. We do not know what is their precise theory of his conduct during the four weeks or so which have elapsed since these revelations were given to the world, or how they explain to themselves his obstinate abstention from the half-dozen plain words which, if the reporters of his opinions were pure romancers, would have silenced them for ever. Probably these blind believers have been amusing themselves with the idea that Mr. GLADSTONE's silence was a matter of old-fashioned political etiquette, and that he thought it right, perhaps mistakenly, to maintain it until the time arrived for him to declare his true views from "his place in Parliament." The undeceiving of these credulous folk has been so signal as to touch the confines of the tragic. So far from repudiating what might be called, in a twofold sense, the paternity of the opinions which have been fathered upon

him, Mr. GLADSTONE went beyond even himself in the way of indicating, in his peculiar fashion, that the opinions in question *are* his—or rather that they will be his as soon as ever it is convenient to avow them. He displayed, indeed, a remarkable and, for him, unusually cynical indifference to his usual artifices. We should have expected him to content himself with saying, as he did, that he "had not said one word or done an act in extension of the declarations" of Irish policy in his election address. For there is a sense, as we all know, in which he has uttered no word and done no act to extend the elastic generalities of the Midlothian Manifesto; and his denials so far were thoroughly Gladstonian—that is to say, they were so framed as to be very possibly true by the card, and yet at the same time quite consistent with the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to extend these declarations when occasion serves. At this point, however, we should have thought that he would have stopped; but he seemed to feel that the result of the election has been to give him a different and inferior audience to play to, and that he need not, in fact had better not, trouble himself to make his artistic effects too subtle. Otherwise he would hardly have so closely imitated the model—never very highly reputed in the matter of *fineness*—of the American stump-orator's—"Those gentlemen, are my opinions; but, if you don't like them, they can be changed." For there is really not much difference between this form of words and that adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE when, after remarking that he "reserved his freedom of action" (as, of course, did the American stump-orator until the tastes of his audience should have been declared), he added, "And I do not intend, so far as lies within my power, to have it determined for me by others at what time and in what manner I shall make any addition to the declaration I laid before the country in the month of last September." It may be that a good proportion of the eighty-six Parnellites do not yet know their GLADSTONE, and that for the present it may be necessary for the great actor to make his points in this rather crude fashion; but the House will have declined, indeed, as an intelligent audience if in future it will be always necessary for Mr. GLADSTONE, instead of only hinting at, to declare outright, "I have not yet made any advance on my last bid to Mr. PARNELL, and I shall choose my own time for doing so." The "forward movement" in the bidding will not be made "until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit"—in fact, of that highest of public benefits, the restoration of a GLADSTONE Government to power—"in endeavouring to make it." Surely this is putting things—to use a homely metaphor—with the butt-end of a marlinspike, and we pity Mr. GLADSTONE, who, after all, is a true artist, in having to play down to his audience to such an extent as this.

But he was evidently determined the other night to be understood by the Gallery—if without offence we may so describe the Irish members—at all artistic costs. His objections to the description of the Act of Union as a fundamental law, his references to an Imperial unity which had existed for 600 years before the Act of Union, were all conceived in the same spirit of resolute directness. Mr. GLADSTONE was bent upon making himself clearly intelligible to the Parnellites, and their leader hastened to acknowledge that he had succeeded. We thank him on behalf of the English public for doing so; since he thereby supplied the most effective commentary on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's excellently outspoken reply to Mr.

GLADSTONE. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, in fact, put the case in a single sentence when he observed that, let Mr. GLADSTONE talk as he would about the unity of the Empire, that unity was evidently consistent in his mind with the co-existence of a Parliament in Dublin and of a Parliament in London. Mr. GLADSTONE heard this construction placed upon his language and this view imputed to him without a word, even without a tacit sign, of dissent; and to that extent therefore, in spite of his determination to add to his declarations only at his own time, he must be taken to have added to them already. By sitting silent under the searching criticism of his adversary, he has virtually had to make the additions in questions at Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's time. We hardly know, in fact, what it is that Mr. ALBERT GREY wants. He complained that "the speech of the leader of the Opposition contained no distinct announcement of his determination to uphold the legislative union of the two countries." But does Mr. GREY find no more in it—if we may be pardoned the Hibernicism—than the omission? Does he not find in it, or, at any rate, does not the general course of the debate—Mr. GLADSTONE's speech taken together with Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's reply—enable him to infer with the utmost certainty that Mr. GLADSTONE, as the "pretended revelations" pretended, is not only not determined to uphold the legislative union of England and Ireland, but is willing and ready, and wishes it to be known in Ireland that he is willing and ready, to try the experiment of severing it? Because, if Mr. ALBERT GREY does not draw this inference from the debate, we must venture to affirm, with all respect to him, that he shows himself on that point considerably below the standard of his countrymen in point of perspicacity. We do not ourselves believe that any ordinarily careful and candid reader of Thursday night's proceedings entertains any remnant of a doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE is fully prepared when the occasion arises to propound just such a scheme of Home Rule as has been attributed to him. And to have an end put to all doubt on that point is, on the principle of forewarned, forearmed, a great point gained.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THERE are few documents that are expected with a greater variation of interest than Queen's Speeches. Sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, the interest is extremely languid; at other times it is of the keenest character. The QUEEN'S Speech of Thursday—really a Queen's Speech as regards the presence, if not the actual utterance, of HER MAJESTY—came within the latter and smaller class. Not only had the earlier rumours of its probable contents been vague and contradictory, but the announcements made by the morning papers (announcements unkindly said to be sometimes obtained by the not very dignified process of sending a representative to somebody who has dined with Ministers or Opposition leaders) were unusually imperfect and uncertain. The most important words in the whole Speech—for instance, the phrase "as my information leads me to apprehend"—which affect, and almost turn into a categorical announcement, the conditional promise of special coercive legislation for Ireland, were not foreshadowed in any of the preliminary summaries. The intention to maintain the Union at all costs was also announced in much stronger language than most of the prophets had ventured to predict. These were the points on which, with the possible addition of the promised domestic legislation, interest principally turned. It was not, indeed, that the foreign portion of the Speech was of little moment, but merely that its contents were tolerably certain beforehand, and dealt with matter open to little dispute. That Lord SALISBURY would be able to take credit in his Sovereign's name for the advance towards settlement of the Afghan boundary dispute; that he would announce the policy of conciliating as far as possible Eastern Roumelian aspirations with the rights of the SULTAN; that the plan of joint examination into Egyptian affairs by England and Turkey would be mentioned, the Burmese war and its consequences referred to, and the agreements in reference to Newfoundland and the Carolines noticed, were all matters of common anticipation, if not of common knowledge. Nor, with rare exceptions, is there much difference of opinion among Englishmen on these subjects. The announcement of a new Convention on the subject of International Copyright will be received by a deserving and industrious class of HER MAJESTY's subjects with satisfaction, tempered by

experience; the announcement of proposed investigations into the government of India with much less cheerful and still less sanguine feelings by a larger class. But it will be necessary to see the exact nature of the Government proposals on this head before finding them guilty of the mistake of taking a tree up to see how it is growing.

The domestic part of the Speech (which was considerably above the average of such Speeches as a piece of composition) contained a programme full enough to satisfy the greatest glutton of work, yet not impossible, if the polite fiction of faithful Commons assembled to pass "good Bills," without reference to anything but their goodness, be for a moment accepted. The depressed condition of trade was acknowledged without either exaggeration or concealment. The announced measures of Local Government must be for the present dismissed with the same caution as the proposed examinations into the statutes which govern the Government of India. A Bill for facilitating the sale of Glebes may gratify harmlessly the prevailing fancy for allotments and small holdings, and in some cases might relieve the clergy of a source of income perilously variable. The new Bill for facilitating the sale and transfer of Land generally will be exposed, like its predecessors, to the objection that those who complain of existing facilities in land transfer complain chiefly that they have to pay money for money's worth. Codification, the Railway Commission, and the regulation of Mines are all excellent subjects for the consideration of wise legislators; and the form in which action in reference to the Crofter difficulty is described will be recognized as exceedingly happy. Lastly, it may be observed that the reference to Procedure does not in the least justify the insinuation made in some Radical quarters that this subject is to be made a pretext for the avoidance of more burning questions, though it has been very well pointed out that, if Ministers set it before everything else, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE's followers are estopped by Mr. GLADSTONE's own words from making the slightest objection.

But, as already hinted, it was upon the references to Ireland that public interest really turned. And these references, if not all that could be wished, left comparatively little to wish for. It is not expected or to be expected that Queens or the Ministers of Queens should in official utterances confess themselves mistaken. But the references to Ireland in the Queen's Speech of Thursday amount to a tolerably frank acknowledgment that the last attempt at indulgence and concession to Ireland has been as unsuccessful as all previous attempts. Nothing could be better than the paragraph which deals with the political projects of the Irish agitators and their abettors in this country. The Ministers of the Crown have given, in unmistakable and unqualified terms, that refusal to entertain the very idea of a separate Irish Parliament which, notwithstanding the positive attribution of such an idea to Mr. GLADSTONE, he has himself refused to give, with consequences which are now universally known. The QUEEN "is resolutely opposed to any disturbance of the fundamental law [of legislative union], and is convinced that in resisting it she will be heartily supported by her Parliament and her people." That is the line of conduct to take, and those are the words to use. The words which follow, and the line of conduct which they indicate, are somewhat less satisfactory. It has been already pointed out that a very important qualification almost transforms the conditional assertion of the inadequacy of the existing law into a categorical assertion. Yet it would have been still more satisfactory if the intention to supplement the ordinary law had been announced directly. It is gratifying to know that every exertion is being used to detect and punish conspiracies for boycotting and rent-withholding, and to protect the Irish subjects of HER MAJESTY in the exercise of their rights and the enjoyment of their liberty. But it is undeniable that every mail from Ireland brings proof that these exertions have hitherto been insufficient. Still we have no desire in this place to enter into the details of the Irish question. What is certain is that the more Ministers act up to the spirit of the first paragraph relating to Ireland and the less they allow themselves to be influenced by the remnant of hesitation which may be discerned in the second paragraph, the better for themselves, for their party, and for their country. The present, as has been shown by many signs, is one of the critical times of tide in English party affairs. Never recently has such a feeling been stirred as by the attribution—the uncontradicted attribution—to Mr. GLADSTONE of designs upon the legislative unity of the three kingdoms. Never

has a point been so clearly indicated on which it is possible to take a firm stand with the certainty of carrying the whole of one party and the probability of carrying a considerable part of the other. For the second time in the last few months the Conservative party has been favoured by an enormous blunder on the part of its leading opponents. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's attitude on Disestablishment was worth dozens of seats to it at the last election; it is not too much to say that, if the election had been held a month or two later, Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude on Home Rule, supposing it to have been then taken up, would have been worth scores more. The first and lesser advantage was fairly utilized; the second and greater has to be seized still. It is within the power of the Government, by keeping the questions of Irish union with England and of the maintenance of order in Ireland steadily before Parliament, to compel Mr. GLADSTONE either to declare for Home Rule and lose England, or to declare against it and lose Mr. PARNELL for ever. They have but to stick to the two words Union and Order, and their foes are hopelessly disordered and disunited. The slightest faltering in their own attitude will at once restore to their opponents the spirit they have lost.

MORMONISM.

THE operation of the Bill for suppressing Mormonism will be watched with a certain amount of curiosity; but the illustration of American ways of thinking is more interesting than the fortunes of a small and isolated sect. The original Mormon community, though it has enjoyed considerable prosperity, has never thrown out offshoots in the nature of colonies, and there are now no vacant regions on the Continent to furnish it with a new and independent home. The Gentiles or non-Mormons are beginning to outnumber the Saints in Utah itself; and it would be unsafe to revive the early methods of enforcing conformity among the members of the Latter-day Church. If the House of Representatives approves the Bill which has already passed the Senate by a large majority, the impending contest between the United States and a quarter of a million of fanatics and dupes can only be decided in one way. The limit of American toleration has never before been reached; but it would seem that public opinion draws the line at polygamy. The religious doctrines of the sect are little understood, and probably they would not repay the trouble of study. The most curious peculiarity of Mormonism is that it was the product of deliberate fraud. An element of sincerity or of enthusiasm has been discerned in all other new religions however false. JOE SMITH boldly raised to the rank of a Gospel the types of a forgotten novel. The Book of Mormon has probably become obsolete, for under the vigorous administration of BRIGHAM YOUNG discipline practically superseded doctrine. The prophet may perhaps have sometimes inculcated the tenets of his predecessor, but the passages which have been quoted from his sermons seem to show that they were generally in the nature of proclamations or decrees. His exhortations were followed, not by theoretical assent, but by immediate obedience. It was his great object to provide for the government of a society in which the women were largely to outnumber the men. The system of recruiting by which he extended the numbers of disciples of both sexes displayed both vigour and sagacity.

Either by choice or of necessity, the Mormon prophet obtained the bulk of his proselytes from abroad. Americans have no objection to eccentricity, and some of them are sufficiently credulous, but probably they are little inclined to passive obedience. The semi-monastic or secular communities which fascinated the imagination of the late Mr. HERWORTH DIXON defy common morality as freely as the Mormons; but when their members become weary of license they can return at pleasure into civilized society. Utah was in former days too remote to allow of escape, and the Saints, and more especially the women, were forbidden to renounce the ties which they had formed. BRIGHAM YOUNG and his associates spared no pains or expense to facilitate the immigration of converts. The supply of credulous converts was most largely derived from South Wales, as the most fanatical part of Great Britain. The ignorance and presumption of the Mormon apostles probably seemed not unfamiliar to members of some of the local sects. Large promises of wealth and comfort were not only made, but partially redeemed. The Mormon recruit was conveyed without expense and with the smallest pos-

sible hardship to the distant territory of Utah. On their arrival the men were at once provided with suitable labour, and the women, who had discarded moral scruples when they consented to join the Mormon Church, found places waiting for them in the establishments of the elders. Some of the motives which recommend the practice of polygamy to the ruling oligarchy are wholly economical and prosaic. The great drawback to domestic comfort in America as in Australia arises from the difficulty of obtaining household service. Half a dozen wives discharge the functions of housemaids, parlour-maids, or kitchen-maids, and they have no opportunity of giving warning. Advertisements have formerly been inserted in Gentile papers in the name of two or three female members of a Mormon household inviting the accession to their number of a colleague who was required to be skilful in dairy work or in some other domestic department. Such a scandal would not be tolerated now; but if the applications were genuine they explained one side of a perverse institution. In Utah, as in Oriental regions, polygamy is the privilege of the rich. In America a profligate custom becomes doubly odious when it bears an aristocratic character.

One of the provisions of the Bill for the suppression of polygamy is the disfranchisement of female voters. The absurd practice of investing women with political power is peculiar to Utah and to two or three other Territories of the United States. The consequences of the system are perhaps insignificant elsewhere; but the Mormon elders of course dispose of the votes of their wives and female dependents, with the result of increasing their own electoral power. The injustice and inconvenience which ensue are apparently considerable enough to justify legislative interference. If Utah were elevated to the rank of a State, Congress could scarcely interfere with the suffrage, especially for the purpose of restriction; but, until polygamy is abandoned or extirpated, the Territory will not be admitted as a State into the Union. One of the most stringent clauses in the Bill amounts to a sweeping measure of disendowment. The ecclesiastical property of the Mormon Church is transferred from the actual trustees or holders to a Board of Commissioners to be appointed by the President. The Courts will have to deal with astute evasions of the law. It will probably be found that much or all of the Church property is ostensibly in private hands, subject only to honourable understandings and voluntary trusts. The ingenuity of Gentile lawyers will prove equal to the occasion, and they will be supported by public opinion. The practice of polygamy had already been declared to be a misdemeanour; but the law is of course powerless when members and admirers of the Latter-day Church secure places on the jury. If the present measure proves to be insufficient, the experiment of penal legislation will be repeated with additional provisions. The Mormon commonwealth was doomed from the time when Utah came within reach of railways.

Among the many qualities of the people of the United States which indicate or constitute political aptitude is a resolute disregard of technical scruples when a practical mischief calls for redress. At the beginning of the Civil War Northern politicians and jurists were much inclined to think that secession was lawful; but the great majority in the Northern States nevertheless determined that the Union should not be split in two. The same preference of public expediency to superficial consistency has often been exemplified in smaller matters. Nearly all American speakers and writers profess sympathy with the disaffection of Ireland to the English Government; and the worst outrages are leniently regarded as irregular expressions of patriotism. When the exploits of Moonlighters are repeated on American soil, the enemies of society are punished without hesitation or weakness. A few years ago one of the counties of Pennsylvania had been temporarily reduced by Irish immigrants to the condition of Connaught or Munster. When the disorder was at its worst, one vigorous administrator hanged forty or fifty of the offenders, with the immediate and permanent result of restoring perfect tranquillity. The citizens of Schuylkill have since been at leisure to sympathize with rebels and assassins who confine their operations to Ireland. It is more than doubtful whether the American Constitution provides any method of dealing with such anomalies as the Mormon heresy. The several States and the Union recognize no religious opinion as either paramount or inadmissible; nor are even the ordinary relations of society prescribed as constitutionally binding. The founders of the Republic, while they con-

descended to such a detail as the prohibition of titles of honour, never thought of enacting that one citizen should have only one wife; yet there will be no adverse expression of opinion when Congress assumes to itself the power of abating a scandalous nuisance.

It is to be hoped that the English nation is still capable of equally decisive action under pressure of a graver need. The cant of distinction between the ordinary criminal law and coercive measures for the protection of life and property has been repeated often enough. The duty of preventing and punishing agrarian tyranny and outrage, robbery and murder, is anterior to the selection of the necessary machinery. Threats of dynamite explosions, whether they proceed from O'DONOVAN ROSSA or from Archbishop WALSH, may perhaps be beyond the reach of penal justice, but the ruffians who, under the guidance of their parish priests, oppress and persecute the peaceable community must be restrained by terror, and if necessary by force. The most worthless Mormon elder is more deserving of consideration than an average Chairman of a branch of the National League, or a Poor Law Guardian who refuses a labourer his legal rights, except on condition of his joining the gang of local conspirators. The evil which has proceeded so far may not be irremediable if Englishmen will at last be approximately unanimous and firm. Within a few weeks public opinion has become perceptibly sounder, principally in consequence of the encouragement of Home Rule of which Mr. GLADSTONE resolutely dissimulates his disapproval. The passing of a Crimes Act and the suppression under the ordinary law of riotous meetings are much more urgent than the abolition by the American Congress of a vicious custom.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE admitted ability and vigour of Lord SALISBURY'S foreign policy have not yet been rewarded in the Balkan Peninsula by the success which has rewarded that policy in other places; but it has as yet met with no check there. In Afghanistan the resistance opposed to Lord GRANVILLE'S demands by Russia has been changed into an almost meek compliance. No small progress has been made in the direction of the only possible solution of the Egyptian-Soudanese problem, the employment of the SULTAN'S influence and authority to work on the turbulent Mussulmans of the interior. The result of the Caroline Islands dispute as far as it affects England contrasts remarkably with the time, not so many months ago, when an Englishman could hardly wake in the morning without finding that Germany had annexed something to his disadvantage, and the same may be said of the intelligence which Lord SALISBURY was able to communicate to the Peers in reference to Samoa. The political conduct of the Burmese difficulty has been marked by equal vigour and activity. Even the settlement of the secular quarrel over the Newfoundland fisheries is not unjustly to be reckoned to the credit of the present Government. For that Government has displayed, by the reluctant confession of its most determined and least scrupulous enemies, in all its foreign transactions the three qualities which, important as they are in all business, are more important in diplomacy than anywhere else—to wit, knowledge of and attention to the facts, firmness, and courtesy. There is probably not an impartial judge in the civilized world who would hesitate to declare that Mr. GLADSTONE'S foreign policy, whatever merits it may have had, has, since his very first admission to the control of foreign affairs, been distinguished by a singular and almost incredible ignorance or inattention, by the most deplorable vacillation, and by breaches of courtesy so apparently gratuitous and objectless as to make them almost more subjects of astonishment than of rebuke.

The Eastern question, however, is still in solution, and it is not the fault of the present Government that it is so. In the last few days it has once more seemed as if the crystallization, when it comes, might be such as is most emphatically not to be desired. The Powers have demanded disarmament from the three States actually troubling or threatening trouble, and have been met with different forms of refusal. And here it must be admitted (the admission being of some value, as we shall not be suspected of any unreasonable love for Bulgaria) that the Bulgarian refusal, while the least positive, is also the best justified of the three. The prime blame, no doubt, still rests on the head of Prince ALEXANDER, who wantonly and without provocation broke faith and treaty by encouraging and availing himself of the rebellion

at Philippopolis. But this initial fault has to all appearance been condoned by Turkey, the offended party; and it is certainly not the business of Europe to compel Turkey to take her own part if she does not see fit to do so. Since this first transgression the Bulgarians have had wit enough and luck enough to put themselves, if not in the right absolutely, at any rate in the right as regards their competitors. They repelled with skill and bravery an invasion of their own territory which, though scarcely unprovoked, had no strictly sufficient justification. They showed themselves moderate and docile in the hour of victory. They were not tempted by their success over the Servians to take up a false position towards Turkey. They are still in a way the threatened party, and everybody is well aware that the particular Power which offers, or is likely to offer, itself as instrument of any punishment inflicted upon them does so solely with private and corrupt ends to serve. It is always satisfactory to see a game well played; and, though we should certainly prefer a game in which the first move had not been flat political burglary, games must be taken as they are found in this imperfect world.

For Serbia and Greece so much can hardly be said. The Servians had the original excuse of natural, if by no means laudable, jealousy at the Bulgarian plunder, as well as that of being egged on by the frantic enemies of Turkey to do something, if not exactly what they did do. But their attack on Bulgaria was decidedly impudent, and it was thoroughly unsuccessful. They were saved from utter confusion by a powerful ally, and the obvious and only sensible policy for them to pursue was, in current slang, to "lie low." This, however, they decline to do, and the refusal is, no doubt, sufficiently insolent and sufficiently provoking, especially as Serbia has suffered nothing which she has not brought on herself and is threatened with no loss of territory. The case of Greece, however, goes a little beyond even that of Serbia in sheer audacity of unreason. Nobody has attacked Greece as Serbia has attacked Bulgaria. Greece has no defeats to smart under as Serbia has. It appears to be a matter of grave doubt even to persons deeply imbued with the nationality folly whether on the mainland Greek claims have not been gratified almost to the fullest extent possible without interfering with other claims equally strong. Yet Greece, too, declines to disarm, and unofficially, if not officially, pleads that war may bring her defeat, but will save her honour. One is inclined to remember the simple and famous words of WILLIAM OF ORANGE to RICHARD HAMILTON at the Boyne—"Four honour!" Unattacked, unmenaced, without a grievance that can be wrought by any diplomatic ingenuity into presentable shape, the Greeks have threatened and are threatening their neighbours and the peace of Europe generally, and they urge that they must go on threatening till they receive a bribe or a beating "to save their honour." The vocabulary of historical politics has always been a source of amusement and interest to the cynically-minded student. But it has hardly presented a more striking instance of the abuse of language than this.

The way with these obstinate little malefactors would, of course, be short and simple enough if it were not for one single circumstance already referred to. Any one of the Great Powers (it might be amiable to give the Italian navy a chance of doing something at last) could bring Greece to its senses at the cost of a few hours' steaming and a few tons of coal; while the sense of being coerced by an irresistible force would no doubt satisfy the sensitive honour of the sons of Hellas. Austria could, and no doubt would, perform the same kind office for Serbia without any difficulty, and in a satisfactory and trustworthy manner. But the difficulty of coercion is a transparent one, and it arises from the fact that Russia, as is well known, is longing to re-establish her influence over Bulgaria. Her plans may be defeated by the maintenance of a good understanding between Prince ALEXANDER and the SULTAN, and by the repetition of conditional consent to disarm, but this at the same time leaves Serbia and Greece free to continue their vapourings, to impose an intolerable burden of self-defence on Turkey, and to keep alive a constant risk of war. The most convenient way out of the difficulty would be of course a still fuller submission to the Powers and to Turkey on the part of Prince ALEXANDER—a submission which would deprive Russia of all pretext for insisting on the application of compulsion all round, and would leave Serbia and Greece to be dealt with separately in case of recalcitrance. The chief obstacles to the carrying out of this are two. The first is the probable difficulty of inducing a not very enlightened population, flushed with victory, to endure a

kind of humiliation. The second and the more serious is that the solution would disappoint the projects of Russia, which now and always desires to trouble Israel. Fortunately there are reasons for believing that matters may go well, notwithstanding these difficulties. Prince ALEXANDER has shown not less ability in diplomacy than in war, and Lord SALISBURY's words on Thursday night show that there is no intention on the part of, at least, the present English Government to admit or to countenance the preposterous claims of Greece. Servia by herself can do little mischief, and it is as obviously the interest of Austria to keep her in order as it is the interest of Russia to bring about either disorder, or order enforced by compulsion in Bulgaria.

MR. ARCH.

IN his speech at the dinner given in his honour, Mr. ARCH, with unexpected candour, thanked the Marquess of Ripon, who had previously addressed the company, for a subscription to the expenses of his election. It would be absurd to affect surprise at the violation by a member of the House of Lords of the constitutional doctrine that he is precluded from taking part in election contests. Many peers have paid the whole or a part of the expenses of many candidates; but it has been the custom to conceal the operation by a decent veil of conventional obscurity. Lord RIPON himself probably intended to do ill by stealth, and may have blushed to find it fame. That a great landowner and a nobleman of high rank should subsidize the return of a revolutionary agitator is an unwelcome paradox. Mr. ARCH himself is entitled to a more lenient judgment; for there can be no doubt that his projects appear to himself to be reasonable and just. He hates the clergy with the unaffected malignity of a Radical preacher, and he is naturally proud of his success in teaching the labourers in some counties to copy the organization of the urban Trade-Unions. It happened that the experiment coincided with a decrease of the rural population, which on economic grounds enabled the residue to place a higher price on their services. The farmers were at the same time comparatively prosperous; and their opposition to the labourers' Unions consequently broke down. Mr. ARCH naturally prides himself on the advantages obtained by his own class, and he may be pardoned if he attributes an undue share of the merit to himself. If Lord RIPON were equally loyal to his order, he would not have subscribed to Mr. ARCH's election fund. His presence at a celebration held in honour of Mr. ARCH under the presidency of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proves that one member of the aristocracy is exempt from the alarms which unsettled the party allegiance of the Duke of WESTMINSTER and the Duke of BEDFORD. Many precedents for Lord RIPON's conduct were supplied by French nobles at the beginning of the Great Revolution; but the result of their compliance with popular clamour has not been generally thought to be encouraging.

Mr. ARCH owes his political position to his seasonable appropriation of the theory and practice of Trade-Unions. He taught labourers the secret of compelling their employers to make concessions which, as the result proved, were practicable and therefore economically equitable. The law of supply and demand which is ridiculed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the higgling of the market, the right of free contract, rendered it possible to exact from farmers an increase of the wages which had before been unduly low. Mr. ARCH may perhaps be disappointed when he finds that in less prosperous times the farmers are likely to apply similar tests to the claims of the labourers. The low price of agricultural produce compels them to seek for every means by which they can reduce the cost of cultivation. The percentage which has in the last twelve or fifteen years been added to the labourer's wages furnishes a margin within which reduction may seem possible. Agrarian demagogues may perhaps affect to disregard the state of the labour market in the hope that the labourers will no longer work for wages, but maintain themselves on the freeholds which are by some unexplained process to come into their possession. They forget that the same causes which impoverish the scientific farmer will operate more effectually to render petty cultivation unremunerative. There is no reason to believe that any adequate substitute for wages can be found; and the scale of payment must depend on causes which no Union can control.

The reaction against high wages is already begun. In many parts of the country the rate has been already

reduced, and the farmers are, like manufacturers, resorting to combination against the labourers' Unions. A meeting for the purpose was lately held at Bishop's Castle, in Montgomeryshire, near the Shropshire border. A local journal in its comments on the subject displays the kind of wisdom which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, is only to be found in the provincial newspaper press. It would be ungenerous to notice the fallacies of obscure public instructors if they were not characteristic of a modern class of politicians. After a burst of eloquence about menaces directed not against the rich and powerful, but against the poor and weak, the writer asserts that "it is not unreasonable to regard the wages of the labourer as property quite as much as the rents of the landowner; and, if either is more sacred than the other, there would be a great deal to say in favour of the superior claims of the poor." The property of the landlord is only so far sacred that he has a right to deal with it on the terms which he may deem most advantageous to himself. He has no right, sacred or other, because he has no power, to let or to sell his land on any terms except those which he can obtain in the market. Cases occur every day in which estates are sold or offered for sale at two-thirds or a half or one-third of the price which they would have commanded ten years ago. The journalist who has been quoted approves of the remark of some of the Bishop's Castle farmers that they should begin at the top with rent, and not at the bottom with wages. If that part of the country resembles the rest of England and Wales, the farmers have long ago begun at the top by obtaining reductions or allowances, till the landlord has in self-defence declined to make further concessions. Their operations beneath on the rate of wages will not relax any pressure which they can place on the owners. The sacred right of property is exercised in the refusal to conclude too ruinous a bargain.

The proposition that the wages of labourers are not only property, but property which is guaranteed against diminution of value, would lead to startling results. Their labour may, almost without a figure of speech, be described as property, because they have a right to sell it or let it to any customer with whom they can come to an understanding. The property of which their advocate speaks would be analogous to a right claimed by a landowner to the rent which he could have obtained in the most prosperous times. It might be contended on similar grounds that conversely the farmers had a right to the service of the labourer at a former rate of ten shillings a week when he was compelled to pay fifteen. If the fifteen shillings a week are now the labourer's property, he must have a remedy against some person, or a right to resort to some tangible security; but even a country newspaper editor must be aware that no farmer at Bishop's Castle or elsewhere can be made to pay any special rate of wages, or, indeed, any wages at all. The worst that can happen to him is to be compelled to leave his farm and to seek some other place or some new occupation. He probably thinks that it is more for the interest of the labourer as well as for his own that wages should be moderately reduced. The consent of both parties is, nevertheless, indispensable. The labourer or the labourer's Union can refuse to abate a sixpence of the existing scale; and the property of every man in his own skill and strength may be asserted beyond the possibility of dispute at his risk and cost.

The concluding passage of Mr. ARCH's speech may perhaps have surprised Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, if it was not beyond the tolerance of the democratic Marquess of Ripon. In speaking of impending changes in Local Government, Mr. ARCH declared that no scheme could be tolerated which included a rating qualification. The local electors and the local representatives are to have absolute power over the property of their neighbours, although they may have no property of their own even to the extent of the occupation of a house. In other words, ratepayers, as such, are to be disfranchised, and local taxation is to be wholly and permanently divorced from representation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may perhaps accept a new instalment of confiscation; but hitherto he has always assumed that the liability to rates would to some undefined extent constitute a check on extravagance. It is not likely, he has sometimes said, that the local Council would waste its own money in buying allotments of small holdings if they were voluntarily provided by the actual landholders. Mr. ARCH is bolder or more candid; and it is to be hoped that his friend and patron, Lord RIPON, was satisfied with the commodity which he has helped to purchase. It is,

perhaps, scarcely worth while to inquire whether wages are property if all other property is to be at the disposal of those who have hitherto lived on wages. Even in the United States the national faith in universal suffrage is qualified by an occasional doubt whether the majority in great cities, and especially in New York, ought to tax the ratepayers at discretion. One result of the present system is that the taxes of the city of New York amount to several millions a year, and that all municipal duties are performed as badly as possible. Even Lord RIPON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are more consistent than some of the critics who condescend to affect a complacent pity for the delusions of such enthusiasts as Mr. ARCH. That his class has sufficient power to turn the balance in Parliament against the supporters of the Constitution, of good government, and of property is not a trivial or amusing circumstance.

WHAT TO READ.

READING should certainly be allowed to come by nature. There is not much direct use, though there is a great deal of pleasant interest, in such a list of books as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK offered for the approval of the Workingmen's College. If one were asked to advise the working-man what to read, it would be necessary first to ask what manner of working-man he was. The majority of wearied toilers must differ strangely from wearied professional men if they feel inclined to read anything at all after their day's labour. What does the common barrister read, or the City man, or the doctor, in the space between dinner and bedtime? They read the evening paper, or several evening papers. As to books, they have insensibly given up books. They are not aware of it, but they have, as a matter of fact, abandoned literature. They subscribe to Mr. MUDIE's, and when a new book is talked about, they see that it lies on their tables. But they do not read it, or at most read a few passages from some gossiping biography. Few men read except men who write, though THACKERAY says that literary people read least of all. Just as "none but 'minstrels list of sonnetting," so few but professional penmen care for books. They are like the actor, who goes when he has a holiday to see some other player act, or who insists on reciting and giving imitations after dinner. They are like the waiter, who employs his vacation in helping another waiter. When the love of letters, the most harmless and consolatory of all the passions, takes possession of a man, he will always read when he is not in the open air and is not writing. SCOTT, SOUTHEY, JOHNSON in this matter are the types of the literary brotherhood, and so is SHELLEY, who died with KEATS's "Lamia" doubled up in his jacket pocket. But, apart from these fanatics, who reads? Women in the country read much—travels, essays, and the Master of Balliol's *Plato*. Boys read; read everything, from shilling novels to FORD and MARLOWE. Unappreciated ambitious geniuses read in country towns. And working-men who wish to improve themselves read. Now working-men who belong to the College of that ilk wish to improve themselves, so Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was addressing a congregation that has a definite aim, the aim called culture; an audience that has definite limitations, ignorance of the classical and perhaps of modern foreign languages. He could not in conscience speak to such hearers as Lord IDDESLEIGH spoke to men whose business is with letters, to the University of Edinburgh. He could not recommend that pleasant art of dipping in which Lord IDDESLEIGH is proficient. Sir JOHN in his very interesting speech sought to establish a little canon of one hundred good books, not books by living authors, not modern history, not ropes made of the sliding sands of Science. He did not exclude translations, and most wisely. The Bible is an eternal proof that translations may be part of literature, so is FITZGERALD's *Omar Khayyám*, so is any translation, from JEREMY COLLIER to LONG, of MARCUS AURELIUS. You cannot spoil MARCUS AURELIUS; the Emperor is as good reading in English as in his own very difficult Greek. There is THUCYDIDES, too, even in the English version, from the French version, from the Italian version (*circa* 1550), his noble narrative instructs and moves us. We have often wished that a company of scholars would select the best of our old English translations, so truly English and so free in style as they are, and reduce them to a reasonable unpeopled accuracy. We have no readable HERODOTUS; unluckily not more than two books were finished in the extremely readable Elizabethan ver-

sion, signed B. R., and attributed to BARNABY RICH. He lived just at the moment when English was fit to cope with the delightful, friendly, and (*pace* Mr. SAYCE) veracious Halicarnassian. PAUSANIAS we do not know in any older version than that of the visionary and inaccurate THOMAS TAYLOR, the Platonist. There are capital old "cribs" to LUCIAN and to TERENCE, and it is time that we had a new English LUCIAN, or revived an old example. The Elizabethan version of APULEIUS is inimitably good. But this project wanders from Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's scheme. To our taste CONFUCIUS might well be omitted from the moralists; the Ethics are too hard, and the Koran too remote. The *Confessions* of St. AUGUSTINE might be left in, and the *Imitatio*, and PASCAL's *Pensées* (for men, not babes), but we see not why SPINOZA should occupy space in so small a list, and BUTLER may be readily dispensed with. The *Christian Year* was mentioned by Sir JOHN; we might add *The Dream of Gerontius*, but that is, fortunately, by a living author. Sir JOHN has his doubts about the *Phædo* and the *Republic*; the doubts are indeed "heretical." In fact, all PLATO should go in, except perhaps the "Theætetus," "Philebus," "Sophist," "Parmenides," and "Timæus," which would somewhat waste the time of a laborious man. To read DEMOSTHENES, as Sir JOHN suggests, demands considerable preparatory study of history. HESIOD, among poets, might easily be omitted; but not the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The Indian epics, however, to all but specialists, mean labour in vain, quite unlike MALORY, whom Sir JOHN LUBBOCK does not seem to appreciate. The *Nibelungenlied* should be doubled with the *Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs*, the far nobler Scandinavian version done into prose by Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS. Persian and Chinese poetry might be left to special students. The Greek plays are found readable "in 'cribs' by some persons; and certainly PINDAR can stir us like a trumpet in the English prose version of Mr. ERNEST MYERS, a really excellent translation of a most difficult author. It is hard to decide on history books, as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK said. MACHIAVELLI and HERODOTUS ought not to be omitted, and old associations recommend MOMMSEN's *Rome* and GROTE's *Greece*. In *belles lettres* it is hard to go wrong:—"The world is so full of a number of things" that are excellent. Here, of all places, a reader should roam at his own unfettered will. We can endorse MACAULAY's belief in *La Vie de Marianne*, and some who have read it may throw in *Le Roman Rougeois* of that more narrow and more bitter THACKERAY, FURETIÈRE! And is BALZAC to be omitted, or DUMAS, and are we only to have "selections" from THACKERAY and SCOTT? He who really reads will read all of them, and all of DICKENS, and KINGSLEY, and FIELDING, and CHARLES DE BERNARD, and a host of others, not less delightful, not less worthy of our gratitude. A list of a hundred novelists scarcely holds all the novelists we want; and did Sir JOHN LUBBOCK omit JANE AUSTEN?

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON QUARRIES.

ON more than one occasion we have been called upon to notice, and indeed to criticize, the public utterances of the Archbishop of YORK. We greatly regret that, owing to circumstances beyond our control, these criticisms have not been wholly favourable. We had, for example, a few days ago to call attention to the singular discrepancies between the scheme for destroying the Charterhouse as it was put forward by the ruling body of that institution, and as it was described by the Archbishop of YORK in a letter to the *Times*. Since then his Grace has been kind enough to inform the world of his intention in writing what at first sight appeared to be a very ill-considered letter. We have, in fact, to apologize for having taken it as an attempt, and a singularly unsuccessful one, to excuse the conduct of the Governors in seeking the destruction of a building they were specially elected to protect. In this idea we were mistaken it seems. The ARCHBISHOP's intention was entirely different. He all but tells us so. It will be remembered that last summer Lord PERCY, as President of the Royal Archaeological Institute, objected to a scheme for pulling down a large number of the most interesting of the parish churches of York—a scheme which had been, it was said, approved by the ARCHBISHOP, and which, in a letter to Lord PERCY, he pronounced to be "open to consideration." When Lord PERCY cited this opinion, he deeply offended the ARCHBISHOP, who wrote a second letter disclaiming any such purpose as that attributed to him. "No churches," he asserted, "are

"to be removed." A little later, however, as we ventured to point out at the time, the ARCHBISHOP forgot his former letters and disclaimers and promises, and withdrew any pledge he might be supposed to have given Lord PERCY. This was in September. In December his Grace writes to the *Times* on the Charterhouse scheme, and, as we have remarked, his letter was a cause of considerable surprise. The ARCHBISHOP's plan for ruining York had been received so coldly, to say the least, and the correspondence on the subject had been so damaging to its supporters, that readers wondered the same auxiliary and defender should be enlisted for an even less commendable undertaking. There were several strong notes of disapproval sounded, and, to add to the strangeness of the whole affair, the ARCHBISHOP accepted the censures of the press and the public in silence, so far as we know. It seemed as if the almost universal dislike shown to the scheme, and the still greater dislike, to speak gently, shown to Archbishop THOMPSON's methods of advocacy, had fallen heavily on an awakened conscience, and were received with silent submission. But if we so judged the conduct of the ARCHBISHOP we were wholly mistaken. His Grace has condescended to enlighten us. The Charterhouse letter to the *Times* was only what for want of a better name we must call "a blind." There is an artifice known as "drawing a red herring across the scent," and, it would seem, adopted by the Archbishop of YORK. While a number of archaeologists, philanthropists, economists, literary critics, and other benefactors of our race were decrying the Charterhouse scheme, the ARCHBISHOP was gently elaborating his York Churches' scheme. It is—not acknowledged but—boasted of in a speech made a few days ago at York. These are his Grace's words as reported in a local newspaper:—"There were doubtful matters about which argument was possible, and they had in connexion with the movement for the rearrangement of the York parishes all manner of doubtful arguments; and he was glad to announce that the Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings was now engaged in hunting another quarry, and perhaps they would hear a little less about the matter in respect of the churches of York." It will be seen that our hunting simile is not really ours, but is directly suggested by the ARCHBISHOP's words. The second quarry—the red herring, in short—as his Grace goes on to point out, is the Charterhouse question. The Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is, according to the ARCHBISHOP's showing at least, engaged in work which entitles him to the support of many people who disapprove of many of the Society's principles and proceedings. But neither in the opposition to the York destruction scheme nor to the Charterhouse plan is he alone. The ARCHBISHOP omits to mention the Archaeological Institute, the *Times* and other newspapers, the general public, and various influential bodies who have expressed their horror of both "quarries." There are many people watching both York and the Charterhouse. The ARCHBISHOP may start another "quarry," nay half a dozen, if he is so disposed; but now that he has avowed and explained his tactics, there can no longer be any difficulty in dealing with them. If his Grace should write to the *Times* next week to advocate a scheme for pulling down St. Paul's in order to build a workhouse, or for selling Dover Castle to a limited Company for a hotel, or for paying the National Debt by selling Ireland to the Americans, we can at once reply. The single word "quarry" will suffice to recall wandering attention to the York churches.

AN ÉCOLE NORMALE FOR ENGLAND.

THE question whether schoolmasters ought not to be trained for their work can only be answered in one way. Of course they ought; and so ought lawyers, and cooks, tinkers, tailors, and candlestick-makers. Unluckily the answer does not carry us far—no further, in fact, than the threshold of the other and more complicated question, What is the proper training for a schoolmaster? Nobody has any doubt as to what he ought to learn. He should, in the first place, have something to teach; and, in the second place, know how to teach it. So much is plain enough; and there is no difficulty in seeing how he may be provided with the first qualification. Schoolmasters, like other men, must acquire knowledge by following the usual school and University course. When, however, it comes to inquiring

whether they can be taught to impart what they have learned themselves, it is very much harder to find a satisfactory answer. The question, in fact, includes another. To settle it properly we must first decide whether any system of training can endow a man with the patience, the faculty for making things clear, the combination of firmness and good nature, the sympathy with boys, and the love of teaching for its own sake, without which no man will ever be a really good schoolmaster though he had the learning of SCALIGER. Then, too, supposing a man to have these qualities, can they be trained by anything but the actual work of taking a class?

An attempt has been made to show that they can, and, according to its promoters, with excellent results. The Finsbury Training College for masters in secondary schools has been at work for some three years with success enough to encourage a body of distinguished men in asking for the support of the City Guilds. The signers of this petition are all men who have themselves gained distinction as teachers, and who therefore speak with authority. When they say that the Finsbury College has done good work, and that they know by experience "how great would be the gain to the cause of good education if those who are intending to be schoolmasters would, as a rule, go through such a course as that which is provided in this College," they must needs be listened to with respect. Still, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the gentlemen who sign the petition do not explain what the course taught in Finsbury is, nor why the good it does could not be done without the establishment of a special college. It is the custom, whenever the question of education comes up, to refer copiously to the example of foreign nations. We are always reminded that German Universities supply a regular course of training for teachers, and that other nations have State-supported establishments more or less on the model of the famous French *Ecole Normale*. For the rest, there have been normal schools in England for many a day. All this may seem to tell in favour of such a college as has been established in Finsbury. Before these examples can be cited for this purpose, however, it would be just as well to ask what they really do prove. It is always taken for granted that German teaching is particularly good, and that the average German is better educated than the average Englishman. We, for our part, have never seen one jot or tittle of solid evidence in support of these propositions. The example of the normal schools and of the *Ecole Normale* is equally little to the purpose. The first are meant to give the teachers in primary schools a little more knowledge than they could obtain in such places. They are, in fact, a kind of secondary schools, designed to teach knowledge rather than to teach teaching; and they only seem to do this latter because their pupils are mostly designed for schoolmasters or mistresses. As for the *Ecole Normale*, its fame is, no doubt, great. The Normaliens have a well-established reputation in philosophy, literature, and criticism. As schoolmasters, however, we do not know that they have done particularly great things. Is the teaching in French *lycées* better than the teaching in English grammar-schools? If such Frenchmen as M. DU CAMP and M. SARCEY, who is speaking for his own house in this case, are to be believed, we should answer in the negative. Indeed, there is no reason why the *Ecole Normale* should have produced an eminent body of teachers, since the first effort of the more distinguished Normaliens has always been to get rid of their character of schoolmaster as rapidly as they possibly could. MM. TAINE, ABOUT, WEISS, PRÉVOST-PARADOL, SARCEY, and a multitude of others either never taught at all or gave up their chairs of rhetoric and so forth as soon as they possibly could, and even at some risk of starvation in more cases than one. The great work of the *Ecole Normale* has been to correct the superficiality of the training given by the University of France. In some such way as this the Finsbury Training College may, of course, do good work. It may supply some assistant-teachers in private schools with a weightier baggage of knowledge than they possess at present. That will be a very commendable thing to do; only it must not be called the teaching of teaching, but only the teaching of schoolmasters the knowledge which they ought to have in common with all educated men. The City Guilds have never been niggardly in encouraging education, and their help may be given here, as it has been given before. When the Guilds are discussing the question, however, they may well stop to inquire how far it is wise to split up the higher education in London, and whether all that the

Training College can hope to do might not be done more cheaply, on a larger scale, and quite as thoroughly by the organization of a real instead of an illusory University of London.

THE CAUCUS AND THE WAKE.

THE National Liberal Club can hardly yet be called the predominating institution of the metropolis. It is the fact, though no one asserts it to be a consequence, that the first general election held after its establishment in our midst was that which converted the metropolitan Liberal majority of two to one into a minority of five to seven. But then every one knew that the installation of the N. L. C. on the Thames Embankment was, locally speaking, a forlorn hope, rendered necessary by the miserable remnant of feudal sentiment which permits the Imperial Parliament to meet at Westminster and not at Edgbaston. Even when it was mostly Liberal, the metropolis was, by reason of the centrifugal habits of industry, intelligence, and virtue, an unregenerate abode of physical and moral squalor, an Augean stable awaiting (and now again awaiting) the advent of Mr. HERCULES FIRTH BOTTOMLEY FIRTH. Therefore, for really interesting developments of modern Liberalism, we must look to those branches of the N. L. C. which flourish in the more truly national parts of the nation.

One of these has within the last few days distinguished itself in no common measure. It is believed that the National Liberals, when the hall of their new temple is garnished, like the Place de la Concorde of our free neighbours, with allegorical images of provincial localities, will take an early opportunity of assembling in solemn form in order to decorate with rings the fingers and with bells the toes of the equestrian female figure which will, no doubt, personify the National Liberalism of Banbury. For the N. L. C. (Banbury Branch) has proved itself to be second to no other branch in ardour for the cause. So ardent, in fact, has it been that it has even outstepped the bounds of discretion, and has permitted to a profane public perhaps a slightly more extensive insight into its mysteries than was altogether judicious. It had been arranged that at the Northampton Assizes to be held on Tuesday last an indictment should be preferred, "by direction of the National Liberal Club," against a miscreant (of course this word implies no expression of opinion as to his guilt or innocence in respect of the accusation made; it only signifies that he was probably a Tory, and certainly considered hostile to the N. L. C.) for intimidation during the South Northamptonshire election. But the body before which indictments are preferred is a grand jury, and grand jurors are sometimes Tories—therefore the grand jury would probably have a corrupt wish to throw out the bill. What was to be done? Travellers have related that in certain Eastern countries, when the experienced foreigner is sued for a debt which he never incurred, and three perjured witnesses depose to having seen the money lent, he does not think of contradicting them, but straightway gets him four perjured witnesses who prove that the liability so incurred was discharged in their presence. Mr. ARTHUR FAIRFAX, of the N. L. C. (Banbury Branch), wrote to Sir HEREWALD WAKE, a good Liberal as all Northamptonshire knows, apprised him of the intended indictment, and urged him, in the name of the National Liberal Committee, to attend the Assizes—"presumably in my capacity as a grand juror," comments Sir HEREWALD; and, indeed, it is impossible to imagine that the N. L. C. would take the trouble to urge a gentleman to go down to Northampton Assizes merely in order that he might sit in court and listen to the trials.

This was the indiscretion of ARTHUR FAIRFAX, or of the N. L. C. (Banbury Branch); they had mistaken their man. (And this teaches us that a knowledge of history may have its advantages—even of such humble history as may be found in the pages of historical romance.) HEREWALD the Wake, though ARTHUR FAIRFAX does not know it, was an Englishman before he was a Liberal—in fact, before anybody was a Liberal, National or otherwise. And one of his English notions is that a man who serves on a jury ought to decide according to the justice of the case, and not according to his party predilections. Accordingly Sir HEREWALD, who combines with an ancient name a talent for writing with peculiar directness and vigour, pointed out to ARTHUR FAIRFAX that the request made to him was, in substance, "that as a Liberal I shall, on behalf of my party, favour the prosecution, and do my best to bring in 'a true bill'; and that it was not merely a 'gross

'personal insult' to himself, but also a matter of sufficient public importance to deserve exposure by the publication of the correspondence. We concur with Sir HEREWALD. If the National Liberals really suppose that Englishmen will allow them to use the administration of justice for party ends, they know little indeed of the nature of Englishmen. Indeed it is probable that no National Liberal whose native intelligence has been dimmed by a sojourn in a Tory metropolis does entertain so rash a hope. These robust plants flourish best in the free country air, and there can be no doubt that for combined ignorance and impudence, even among National Liberals, the Banbury Branch, to use an appropriate phrase of the day, takes the cake.

MR. GIFFEN'S FIGURES.

YOU are better off than your father, and incomparably "better off than your great-great-grandfather" is no adequate answer to the question "Why are you rich, while I am poor?" which, as Sir JAMES STEPHEN points out, is being persistently asked at present. The Socialist and the semi-Socialist would alike refuse to accept it as a reason why the world should not be turned upside down by way of making it better. The first thinks there should be no rich and no poor, but a dead level of workers provided with a sufficiency of wages. He longs for a world modelled on the missions of Paraguay, without the religion. To him it is supremely indifferent that the poor are less poor, and the rich less rich in comparison, than they once were. The semi-Socialist will equally decline to be influenced by any improvement in the condition of the mass of the population. He believes that it could be improved much more rapidly by legislation. It is as good as useless to ask either of them to accept the fact that the condition of mankind has been bettered by the natural working of industrial forces, as a good argument for leaving the same causes to produce the same effects. With Socialism pure and simple argument of the logical kind is of little effect at all times. Ridicule in its milder, and hemp ropes in its more acute, stages are the only kind of reasoning it yields to. The semi-Socialist when he is honest may be occasionally convinced by being shown how uniformly meddling legislation and interference with property have done more harm than good, or have done unmixed mischief. But when he is dishonest, and that is frequently his state, laughter and hemp are the only things that can be brought to bear on him.

For these reasons, and also for this other, that a respectable majority of mankind is beyond the reach of argument altogether, it is highly probable that Mr. GIFFEN's paper on "The Progress of the Working Classes during the last Half-century" will have little effect on the active race of social reformers. It would be superfluous to call it interesting in itself. It is so, and for more reasons than one. Those who still believe the old virtues of industry, frugality, and respect for our neighbour's pocket to be the best instruments for the extirpation of social evils will be strengthened in their faith by Mr. GIFFEN. The mere figures he quotes as illustrations of his opinion are of value as knowledge. Figures, as the familiar quotation has told everybody, are not always trustworthy. So much depends on the statistician, and Mr. GIFFEN's quotation may be open to criticism. Even, however, when they have been discounted, enough remains to make his paper good reading to the possibly frivolous class of persons who are well content to learn how the nation has lived, but are not at all concerned to defend a theory of any kind. The economist who has a theory by the very nature of things may be exceedingly obliged to Mr. GIFFEN for collecting so many facts into an accessible shape. His contention is one which every one must at least profess to wish to see proved beyond any question of a doubt. There can hardly be any one who would confess to a wish to discover that the working classes are worse off than they were half a century or many centuries ago. The thing is assumed as a basis for declamation and a plausible excuse for plunder; but the honest cynic who would openly avow the wish that it were so for political purposes has still to be discovered. Mr. GIFFEN believes that the working class is much better off than it ever was. The summary of results given is very optimistic, to use the consecrated, though not obviously appropriate, adjective applied to Mr. GIFFEN's careful statement of the result of careful inquiries. He repeats with greater emphasis the statements he made three years ago. He again asserts, and gives his reasons for asserting,

that whereas the gains of capital and the earnings of the upper classes of workers have increased by one hundred per cent. during the last fifty years, the gains of the working classes have increased by two hundred per cent. Half a century ago the average income of families living by manual labour was 19*l.*, it is now 42*l.* Within this great class the better-paid ranks have increased in number far more rapidly than the worse. The agricultural labourers were two-thirds of the whole body at the date which Mr. GIFFEN takes as his starting-point. They are now a fourth, the other three-fourths being artisans and town workmen. The wages of agricultural labour have been doubled. Mr. GIFFEN insists, as he is well entitled to insist, on the fact that this increase in earnings has been accompanied by a diminution in the hours of labour, which makes a double gain. He is as resolute as ever in asserting that the general cost of living has diminished. On this point he will probably be less convincing, for the obvious reason that proof is harder to get. Many considerations have to be taken into account over and above the relative prices at the two dates. Meat is dearer than it was, and so is house rent; but if, as Mr. GIFFEN maintains, and as seems to be the case, the working class consume more meat and live in better houses, it cannot be said that they are worse off. Indeed, there is considerable force in his contention that the price of meat has been, to some extent, raised by the competition of the working classes themselves. Mr. GIFFEN's statement of results, and the arguments he brings in support of it, need not be accepted entirely without question to be satisfactory. It is enough that, on the whole, they are credible, and so much will hardly be denied by anybody who reads him fairly. His critics will probably be divided, as they have been before, into the people who can see no difference between the propositions that things are better than they were, and that they are as good as they need be, and those others who have ulterior reasons for wishing them to be worse. Mr. GIFFEN's own proposition is modest enough. He labours to prove that the poor have not been becoming poorer while the rich have been becoming richer, but that, while both have increased in wealth, the working class has advanced more rapidly than any other. This is quite enough to demolish the case of the partisans of Socialistic legislation, and to prove the case of those who look for further improvement to the causes which have worked for good already.

When Mr. GIFFEN represents the improvement in the condition of the working classes as something so exceptional as to deserve to be called a revolution, he is simply yielding to the natural weakness of the specialist. He himself had shortly before given it as his opinion that there has been a steady improvement from century to century. The generation which immediately followed the Black Death was unquestionably well off, but this sudden prosperity was gained at the price of the destruction of half the population of all Europe. Even the philosopher must acknowledge this enormous loss of life to have been a severe price to pay for a rise in wages. A state of things in which improvement could only be obtained by removing every second human being must have been bad indeed. The improvement in the condition of the working masses since this greatest of all plagues has probably kept pace very evenly with the growing prosperity of the nation; and if it has been remarkably rapid within the last fifty years, it is because there has been an unprecedented development of commerce and industry within that period. It is, of course, possible to accept Mr. GIFFEN's premisses and deny his conclusions. When he says that the proportion of factory hands to agricultural labourers has increased, he is stating a fact; when he adds that it is a national gain because the workers in manufactories are the better-paid class, he is taking for granted what is a disputable proposition. It is not, at any rate, self-evident that the formation of an immense class of workmen dependent on foreign harvests for their food, and on foreign markets for their wages, will in the long run work for the stability of national prosperity. Doctors of learning and gravity have been known to argue for the direct opposite. They are, of course, maintaining a purely speculative opinion, and fighting against the north wind; but they may feel confirmed in their view when they find Mr. GIFFEN looking forward confidently to a fall in wages. Here, indeed, he is an optimist; for he is not only sure that the workmen will be compensated by the fall in prices, but that they will see it for themselves. Neither of these beliefs can be said to be founded on absolutely firm foundations. There is one question which did not form part of Mr.

GIFFEN's subject, but is very closely associated with it. It is, What effect is this inevitable fall in prices and wages to have on agriculture? Reductions of rent by landlords and loss of capital by farmers have kept the industry going during the late bad years; but they are not resources which can be drawn on indefinitely. If the strain lasts much longer, and prices continue to fall, as they threaten to do, it is not easy to see how agriculture is to be conducted at a profit at all. It may be that the nation could get over the crisis; but the danger is a real one, and inquirers of Mr. GIFFEN's calibre would be well employed in facing it. They would be at least as well employed as in demonstrating the reality of the last half-century of prosperity, which was born of a very happy combination of circumstances.

THE SALVATION ARMY AT WORK.

THE Criminal Law Amendment Act is doing at least one good thing. It is restraining the excesses of the Salvation Army. A great many lies have been told about this Act, which it would be tedious and unprofitable to recapitulate. Several cases have been recently ascribed to it with which it had nothing whatever to do; and it would doubtless be impossible to persuade hundreds of fanatics of the unquestionable fact that all the crimes described in certain mendacious "revelations" might, if they had been committed at all, have been punished by the law as it previously stood. A man of good social position was convicted of abduction the other day at the Buckinghamshire Assizes and sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour. It is true that he was also indicted and found guilty under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. But abduction is an offence much older than last summer's visitation of obscenity, and the defendant might have been awarded exactly the same penalty if the Act had never passed. The agitation of which the chief promoter has just been released from gaol is distinguished from most other agitations by being founded upon misstatements of fact. The law is misrepresented almost daily for the purpose of proving that a notorious person has done what in truth he has not done, for the very sufficient reason that it was not left for him to do. At last, however, the Criminal Law Amendment Act has proved really useful in a positive way. Negatively serviceable it had already been. Its machinery has failed to prove that the rich are preying upon the children of the poor, except in the instance of the malefactors tried before Lord Justice LOPES. As that very sensible person, the Chaplain of Coldbath Fields Prison, remarked, there is plenty of criminal vice. They know all about that there. It is, however, not committed by the rich, but by the poor. This is no credit to "the rich." It results from the absence of temptation. "Tisn't them as has money that breaks into houses and steals, 'them as has coats to their backs, and takes their regular 'meals.' A rich libertine may be a very much worse man than a poor libertine. But he has obviously less need to break the law. It seems, however, that the Salvation Army had good reason for knowing that the Criminal Law Amendment Act was required. The Salvationists falsely boast of having procured the passing of the Act. They are at least showing that, when they talked of the need for it, they knew what they were talking about. A great divine, also famous as a master of the English tongue, has placed on record his deliberate conviction that there is one vice which cannot be fought against, but must be fled from. A great humourist, who happened to be a dignitary of the English Church, has illustrated in a scathing satire the connexion of religious with certain other forms of excitement. Mr. BOOTH is, perhaps, above the necessity of studying JEREMY TAYLOR on Holy Living or JONATHAN SWIFT on the Operation of the Spirit. The Salvation Army has adopted the device of at once repudiating, as having no part or lot in it, any member whose misconduct is publicly exposed. The inference which it is intended should be drawn scarcely does credit to Salvation logic. It is a little like the argument that Liberals cannot exercise undue pressure upon voters because, if they did, they would not be true Liberals.

ARTHUR ARTIS and RICHARD HILLIER are, or till recently were, members of the Salvation Army. Yet they have good reason to regret that the Criminal Law Amendment Act was ever passed. They have been convicted of abducting two girls and sent to prison for three months by the Recorder. But this is not like the Buckinghamshire case. For neither of the girls was under sixteen, and therefore before last August it would have been no offence to take them away

from their homes, provided that they were willing to come, as in this instance they certainly were. "The parties in 'this case,' as the reporters put it, 'were all members of 'the Salvation Army, and were in the habit of attending 'meetings at Kilburn.' The meetings at Kilburn resulted as 'Holy Fair' too often resulted in the time of BURNS. 'Some were fou' o' love divine, and some were fou' o' 'brandy.' At all events, 'an intimacy sprang up,' to quote again the same authority, between the two defendants and two girls in the Army, the consequence of which was a breach of the moral law. A few brief months ago it would have been nothing more. But the statute for which the Salvation Army hysterically clamoured has been passed, and two of its members are laid by the heels. The jury recommended them to mercy, apparently on the ground that the girls were in the same frame of mind as the historic BARKIS. That Salvationists should be recommended to mercy because their 'victims' were willing cannot be otherwise than diverting to the profane laity. No doubt there would have been much to be said for leniency had the defendants been ordinary people. When what has hitherto been mere immorality is suddenly made a crime, men in whose minds justice is not distorted by fanaticism would be disposed to deal very lightly with the first transgressors. But ARTIS and HILLIER were not in a position to plead ignorance or inadvertence. They belonged to an organization which professes a much higher standard than the world's, and which regards the law as still far too indulgent towards sexual offences. That they should be treated with the same consideration as vulgar sinners seems highly incongruous and slightly absurd. It may be presumed, however, that no further tenderness will be shown for Salvationists who addict themselves to low intrigues. They have clearly no right to complain if they find themselves unexpectedly in the meshes of the law. They should read what they choose to consider their own Act.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS TREATY.

UNTIL Prince BISMARCK's activity in colonial enterprise has worn itself out, or has come to an end for want of new establishments to conquer, neither of which things seem likely to happen for some time, it will always be worth while to watch his methods of furthering the interests of German commerce with attention. The publication of the full text of the protocol by which the once noisy dispute with Spain was settled affords a good opportunity. It was a very pretty quarrel while it lasted; and when the history of Prince BISMARCK's diplomacy comes to be written, the story of how he contrived not only to make a very presentable success out of what promised to be a check, but to get, by the way, a decoration and compliments out of the POPE himself, will be one of the most remarkable passages of what should be an interesting book. KAUNITZ himself must have confessed that he could not have bettered the management by which the author of the Kulturkampf contrived to turn the head of the Roman Church into his obliged and grateful friend without making even a shadow of a concession. The settlement is instructive in itself, quite apart from the means by which it was obtained. With the Samoa business apparently just beginning when the Caroline is leaving off, it is useful to know what the PRINCE is aiming at and what he will be satisfied with. It is, to be sure, very rash to be confident about these mysteries. The PRINCE has surprised the world before, and will doubtless do so again. His success is almost all that can be foreseen about his movements; but it is well to make the most of accessible information.

When it was predicted that the end of the POPE's mediation would be to give Germany the oyster and Spain the shells, a sound prophecy was made for once. As far as the outside goes, the Spaniards have no cause to complain. Pope LEO makes the most of their claims. He is thoroughly polite to both, and decides that each believed what it said. Then he advises one to acknowledge the other's right of sovereignty, and that other to allow its competitor to do just what he pleases. A treaty has accordingly been made on these terms. The German Government recognizes Spain's priority of occupation and sovereign rights over all the islands lying between the Equator and the 11th degree of North latitude and 133rd and 164th degrees of East longitude. But if the Spaniards are kings over this considerable extent of ocean and island, the Germans are to be viceroys over them to no small extent. The stipulations as

to what Spain is not to do cover ten times, or more, as much space as the articles specifying what it is to keep. It is not to compel German ships to call at any particular points; it is not to impose differential duties, nor to exact dues of any kind except where an effective occupation has been made, nor to put any restrictions on the rights of the Germans to own plantations, nor to question already existing German claims, nor to impose penalties for goods carried in transit and destined for any unoccupied point in the islands. Now to anybody who knows what the Spanish colonial system is, all this means that the Spaniards are debarred from doing with the Caroline and Pellew Islands what they do in their other colonies. They cannot give their own countrymen a preference over foreigners, and they can hardly impose any control on foreign trade. The stipulation which debars them from establishing definite points of call, and the other by which they bind themselves not to ask for dues except where they have established a garrison, which is what is meant by effective occupation, will leave the Germans at liberty to trade as they please. Spain cannot occupy all the islands, even if it were prepared to spend ten times as much as it has been able to afford hitherto on its possessions in the Indian Ocean. Wherever there is not a Spanish force the Germans will be absolute masters. By agreeing not to tax goods in transit Spain has surrendered its only means of indirectly controlling German trade. There will be nothing to prevent a German vessel from entering one of the effectually occupied ports with an almost complete cargo of Indian tobacco, and the Spanish Custom-house official will have no right to interfere with it. A more melancholy position for a Spanish Custom-house officer could not be invented by the ingenuity of man. The Germans may own land, and do what they like with it in the vast majority of the islands; and, even where the Spaniards have put a governor and a handful of men, the foreigners are to be protected from special exactions. It is possible that disputes might arise on this point. If a German Company were to work up a flourishing establishment on any unoccupied island, there is every probability that a Spanish administration would briefly follow, prepared to tax with vigour, as there would be only foreigners to pay. This danger is in some sort provided against by the stipulation that any effectual occupation must be duly announced in the *Madrid Gazette*, and is in all cases to begin eight months after the publication of the notice. This interval would give time to take measures of precaution against extortion. A still better guarantee for the moderation of the Spaniards will be found in the naval and coaling station which Germany is to be allowed to establish in one of the Caroline or Pellew Islands. A more striking contrast could not well be found to the colonial enterprises of the French, which have as yet only given them the expense and trouble of sovereignty without any compensating advantage. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the terms of the treaty should do much to remove all fears of German aggression on the possessions of other nations, while the commercial advantages secured by Germany are to be equally shared by England. The Empire has recognized claims which were certainly doubtful in order to avoid a quarrel with a weak Power, and has asked for little more in return than would be given as a matter of course in English colonies. This is not the conduct of a Government which is inclined to seize on foreign territory or to violate engagements.

WORKING-MEN AND THEIR FRIENDS.

SINCE the days of the hare there has never been any one with a more extensive circle of somewhat effusive friends than the "Working-man"—meaning thereby the man who works at manual labour for a weekly or daily wage. Politicians of all parties and all shades are generally meditating about him and perpetually talking about him. There are not wanting those who boldly aver that he is the only person who ought to be considered in the least, and that as long as he is made much of it matters comparatively little whether the other classes of the community get justice and good government or not. It is hardly possible that when such an unconscionable amount of lip-service is always being offered up, it should all of it be invariably genuine in the sense of being accompanied or followed by all the practical ardour of beneficence which it is ostensibly designed to indicate. Occasionally some specific piece of flattery or some particular self-appointed champion hap-

pens to be exposed to a practical test, and is found to be more or less hollow. It is a melancholy thing, and the victim deserves pity, but there are a good many useful lessons to be learnt from it, of which perhaps the most important is that professional champions of the down-trodden ought always to be on their guard against the temptation to look after their own championship to the exclusion of the interests of those whom they profess to wish to benefit.

Mr. GEORGE HOWELL, M.P. for Bethnal Green, probably experiences a lively regret that when, in his capacity of the labourers' friend, he consented to serve on the Committee of the "Gas Stokers' Fund," he did not take the trouble to consider a little more closely who subscribed the money which he had to administer, and what they intended it for. It will be remembered that in 1872 a number of gas stokers were sentenced to a term of imprisonment for conspiracy, their offence really being that, in order to obtain an increase of wages, they struck work in such a manner as to cause enormous public inconvenience, not unattended with danger, by reason of the sudden stoppage in the supply of gas in the streets and elsewhere. A fund was set on foot by Mr. HOWELL, Mr. BROADHURST, and other persons of the class recently described as "labour candidates," for the support of the families of the men in prison, and the subsequent assistance of the prisoners. Mr. HOWELL, being himself a member of the Committee, audited the accounts of the fund—an unbusinesslike proceeding said to be usual in such cases—and it appeared that out of 468*l.* collected only 203*l.* was received by the prisoners or their families, and 265*l.* was spent in other ways. The expenses seem to have been on a liberal scale considering the amount involved. The first proceeding of the Committee was to appoint Mr. BROADHURST secretary, at two guineas a week; the payments under the head of offices and refreshment, though not excessive, seem to suggest rather a money-making than a charitable enterprise; and over 11*l.* was spent in a "demonstration" when the men came out of prison. Besides all this, two sums of 25*l.* each were given away to bodies which had nothing to do with the Gas Stokers' Fund, except being to some extent under the control of the same persons. These were the Trades' Congress Parliamentary Committee and the "Plimsoll Seamen's Fund," of the former of which Mr. HOWELL was the paid secretary. Concerning these two donations, Mr. BROADHURST, in the course of the trial which brought these circumstances to light, made use of the singular expression that they were "only a change from pocket to pocket." This throws some light on the sort of view which "labour candidates" and "working-men members" are, it is to be feared, only too apt to take of themselves and their mission. In 1872 Messrs. BROADHURST and HOWELL and their friends were managing these various Committees, all depending on fees and subscriptions, and all with paid officers. Which particular Committee the money came through was not, in their opinion, a matter of any importance. It belonged to them all, subject only in a general way to the obligation of using it in the way which they thought best for the working classes. They forgot that the friends of the stokers contributed their sixpences for the benefit of the stokers, and might, as some of them did, consider themselves injured when a substantial sum was made over to the seamen. The other gift was even more flagrant, because the Trades' Congress Parliamentary Committee was a purely political body of which the main purpose was the promotion of Radicalism, and the Committee-men who paid the 25*l.* to it were giving (and Mr. HOWELL, the auditor, was sanctioning the gift), in aid of Radical propaganda, money subscribed for a purpose remote from party politics, some of it by Conservatives. Though Mr. HOWELL and Mr. BROADHURST had, of course, not the smallest intention to commit a misappropriation of money which they held only as trustees for a definite purpose, they did in fact misappropriate it. Their error was due to the presumptuous ignorance which excluded from their minds the reflection that they were absolutely bound to apply the funds in their hands to the purpose for which they were subscribed, and not to entirely foreign purposes—above all, not to the promotion of undertakings in whose welfare they themselves had an interest.

These transactions, having occurred as long ago as 1872, were feebly resented at the time, and one PATRICK KENNY, an original subscriber to the fund, and a Conservative—and therefore especially aggrieved at the donation to the Parliamentary Committee—seems to have constituted himself a

kind of Nemesis to Mr. HOWELL, on whom at last he has had his revenge. In 1881 Mr. HOWELL was a labour candidate at a bye-election at Stafford, and thither went Mr. KENNY, pursuing him with invective as the false friend of the working classes. Whether it was, as Mr. HOWELL suggests, that Mr. KENNY was too artful to be caught, or, as Mr. KENNY contends, that Mr. HOWELL took excellent care not to catch him, there is no profit in speculating. In either case Mr. HOWELL was not elected, and Mr. KENNY's libels were not made the subject of inquiry. But when Mr. HOWELL stood (successfully) for Bethnal Green last autumn, Mr. KENNY was in wait for him, and addressed a circular to the electors, in which he set forth that Mr. HOWELL should not be elected because the Committee to which he belonged had "grossly and heartlessly mal-administered the funds," that there had been "misappropriation of the public moneys subscribed," and that "the working-men's bounty" had not been "honestly disbursed." This led to the criminal prosecution at the beginning of this week, in which the defendant justified, and the jury without hesitation found in his favour, Mr. HOWELL having to pay the costs of the prosecution.

It is no doubt disagreeable for Mr. HOWELL, at the beginning of a Parliamentary career which we trust may prove useful and brilliant, to have it recorded by the verdict of a common jury that the charges thus harshly preferred against him were true, and that their publication, even in the heat of a contested election, was for the public benefit. But the prosecution may have done good—and has certainly been instructive—in exhibiting to the public the real position of the working-man member. Of course he is not a day-labourer, for the excellent reason that no one can be a bricklayer all day and a legislator all night. He is, and must be, a professional political agitator, and must earn in that character during the recess enough to keep him on his allowance through the Session. He serves on Committees, and is paid from the funds at the Committees' disposal. He is so much accustomed to vote grants of subscribed money that he gets to vote them as suits his convenience, without much thought as to what the subscribers would have said to it. He wears a black coat, and looks exceedingly respectable, or, in the hyperbolic phrase of the counsel for KENNY, he "smokes cigars and rides in hansom cabs, clothed in purple and fine linen." And therefore he is always liable to the temptation of forgetting the end of his existence for the means. No doubt he is a necessity, because he is the nearest practicable approach to a representative of the poorest class of voters. But he will do well to remember that he does not by any means completely represent that or any class; and that, even if he did, there are limits to the rights and the functions of representatives, which his inexperience of the world and his want of education make it especially desirable that he should bear in mind.

THE PLUMPTON MURDER.

THE trial of RUDGE, MARTIN, and BAKER at the Carlisle Assizes this week, and the circumstances out of which it arose, are creditable to everybody concerned in vindicating the law. Three professional burglars have been convicted of murder, and sentenced to death. A fourth has unhappily escaped, and the chances of his apprehension grow rapidly less from day to day. But it required no slight amount of courage, skill, and perseverance to capture three of the desperate men who committed the burglary at Netherby Hall. The police behaved with a courage which was described by one of the counsel for the defence as rashness, and which cost poor Constable BYRNES his life. They were admirably supported by the officials of the London and North-Western Railway, who were under no greater obligation to render assistance than any other subjects of the QUEEN. All these men thoroughly deserved the compliment paid to them by Mr. Justice DAY. It is difficult, as every lawyer knows, to prove three men guilty of the murder of one, unless they have all been physically engaged in taking his life; as, for instance, by beating him to death with sticks. Constable BYRNES was shot by one man only, and Mr. Justice DAY was obliged to lay great stress on the well-known rule of law that where a common purpose has been proved, in this case a purpose to shoot any policeman who tried to arrest one of the party, it matters not whose hand pulled the trigger. This is, of course, as good sense as it is good law. But it has sometimes proved a stumbling-block to juries, who, perhaps from some con-

fused belief in the *lex talionis*, consider that three lives should not be taken for one. That BYRNES alone fell a victim to their murderous violence was not the fault of BAKER, MARTIN, and RUDGE. Three other policemen—ROCHE, FORTUNE, and JOHNSTON—were severely, though not mortally, wounded. ROCHE and JOHNSTON were shot, whereas FORTUNE was knocked about the head with a jemmy, or some similar weapon; and it was part of the evidence for the prosecution that MARTIN's and RUDGE's revolvers had each one barrel discharged. BAKER, who, according to the theory set up for the Crown, actually shot BYRNES, had contrived to get rid of his "shooting-iron" before he was taken into custody. Except for the deplorable loss of the courageous BYRNES, and the injuries inflicted on his comrades, the results of the Netherby burglary are, in the main, satisfactory. There will soon, unless Sir RICHARD CROSS again shows weakness, be three pests of society less in the world. Their enterprise was a signal failure. Even their booty has been recovered. For a few weeks after the burglary the river Lune fell, and Lady HERMIONE GRAHAM's jewel-box was found embedded in it near to a railway-bridge. If the police had but been properly armed, BYRNES would in all probability be now alive; and it is possible that there might not have been three men left to try for the burglary. When burglars can be persuaded to abandon the use of deadly weapons, it will be time enough to deprive the police of protection for life and limb. The doubts which were suggested as to the prisoners having a fair trial before a local jury will be set at rest by the publication of the evidence. No other verdict was possible than that actually found; and, by taking more than an hour to consider it, the jury showed that they were willing to look at every side of the question. As Mr. Justice DENMAN said in refusing to change the venue, a crime which is discussed in every newspaper and by all classes of society throughout England may as well be investigated in one place as another.

The death of BYRNES in the execution of his duty, and the consequent charge of murder against the prisoners, made it unnecessary to go into the details of the burglary at Netherby. It must be admitted that the job was very neatly done. At eight o'clock Lady HERMIONE GRAHAM left her bedroom, and went down to dinner. At a quarter past eight the housemaid found the door locked from inside, and gave the alarm. A ladder was observed in the garden, and by putting it on a garden-seat the valet got into the room. There was no one there, but the jewel-case was gone. Between eight and a quarter past, when the burglary must have been committed, another servant had been into the room and out again without (apparently) seeing anybody. Long before the burglars could reach Carlisle, which is eight miles from Netherby, the police were put on their guard by telegraph, and all the roads into Carlisle from the south were watched. From first to last the whole arrangements were conducted with the utmost precision. ROCHE was the policeman who first saw the burglars, and then there were four of them. He called JOHNSTON, and they had a desperate fight, which resulted in the burglars getting off. Later in the night, or rather the morning, FORTUNE met four men near the railway, who beat him severely. By the next day everybody in the neighbourhood knew what had occurred, and the police were all on the alert. What exactly happened between BYRNES and the three prisoners in the village of Plumpton is not known. But it is practically certain that he met them coming out of the Pack Horse Inn about half-past eight in the evening, that he tried to arrest or bar their passage, and that one of them, probably BAKER, shot him. BYRNES did not become conscious before he died. How the three were caught everybody knows. They tried to get away on a truck. MARTIN was run down by an engine-driver. RUDGE was caught under a bridge while he was fumbling with his revolver. BAKER succeeded in escaping to Lancaster, where a guard named COOPER pounced upon him and he was brought back to Carlisle. A finer example of pluck, energy, and enterprise than this Netherby burglary has afforded the opportunity of giving it would not be easy to find. A few more such instances, and burglars would begin to retire from business by the score.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

IT is tolerably safe to assume that the public repudiation of their leader's policy by the Dukes of WESTMINSTER and BEDFORD, to say nothing of many other influential and highly-placed Liberals, is not regarded by Mr. GLADSTONE with the indifference which is being clumsily feigned by the

more flippant and ignorant of his followers in the Radical press. For Mr. GLADSTONE, as the Radicals in other moods have often ruefully complained, has been always highly sensitive on the subject of the allegiance of his Whig supporters. For their principles, to be sure, he cares nothing; and he does not mind offending and disgusting them to any extent short of actually alienating their votes. But to avoid that last consequence he has ever been extremely solicitous. His ambition has always been to carry Radical measures by Whig assistance, and he would undoubtedly consider a success which could only be obtained by breaking altogether with the Moderate section of his party as something closely bordering upon failure. At the present crisis we may take it for granted that he feels this more strongly than ever. He knows that it is not merely a question of keeping together enough of his party to secure a Parliamentary victory over his opponents. The possibility of another appeal to the country has to be taken into account, and he is quite well aware that his chances of success with the constituencies would be seriously endangered if he went to them with his Radical tail alone behind him, or even with only the most eminent of his Moderate followers taking refuge in the opposite camp. Even the rawest and dullest of the new electors would perceive something of the significance of so startling a rupture of party ties, just as we may hope that the fusion of parties among loyal Irishmen, which was evidenced in the composition of the five deputations which waited the other day upon the PRIME MINISTER, may not be altogether without its effect on the more intelligent portion of the public. A mere glance at a list, in which the names of English and Irish Liberals mingle freely with those of Conservatives from both sides of St. George's Channel, and in which interests of every description—commercial, industrial, financial, academical—unite with the proprietorial in entreating the protection of the Executive, ought to clear many eyes of the dust which Radicalism has so assiduously thrown into them.

Nothing, in fact, could more conclusively dispose of the dishonest Radical fiction that it is on behalf of the Irish landlords alone that the English Government is being called upon to interfere. So far from this being the case, it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the position of the landlords is the least flagrant of all the elements of the hideous scandal. It is their rights, no doubt, which are primarily and directly attacked, and their pecuniary stake involved in the conflict with Irish lawlessness is, of course, relatively larger than that of other classes. But, having regard to their numerical insignificance as compared with the whole community indirectly affected to a more or less serious extent by the consequences of the Irish land war, we are justified in saying that it is the condition of the other classes of Irish society which lends its deepest gravity to the crisis. To quote a passage from the third, and in some respects most forcible, of Sir JAMES STEPHEN's letters to the *Times*, the unchecked offences which are fast rendering Ireland uninhabitable by free men "are committed most frequently neither on landlords nor on their agents, but on quiet country people, who do or say something which they have a perfect right to do and say, but which the National League or its agents forbid." They are crimes which have only an accidental connexion with the agrarian dispute—crimes which might just as easily have arisen out of any other quarrel in which an anarchic organization on one side were arrayed against the authority of law on the other. It is manifest, in fact—and it ought to be remembered by those who are now talking so foolishly of the connexion between "distress" and disorder—that the engine of oppression devised and perfected by the National League will in future be applicable just as effectually to a political as to a social or an economical object. At present every man in the three Southern provinces of Ireland is practically "impressed" for service in a war against "landlordism"; he is no more a free agent in the matter than a victim of one of the old pressgangs would have been if, instead of being carried off by physical force, the compulsion employed had been the menace of a pistol held to his head. Willing or unwilling, he has to take part in the campaign of agrarian spoliation, or his comforts and prosperity, if not his means of livelihood, and his life itself are placed in imminent and constant danger. Supposing it were possible to satisfy or compromise the agrarian demands of the National League, what is there to prevent them from thereupon directing the full powers of their organization to the imposing of a new burden upon the enslaved population of Ireland in the interests of the Home Rule demand, or even in that of the claim to absolute separation and independence? If a

whole community can be boycotted into becoming active or passive instruments of the League for one purpose, why not for another? How is it to be supposed that a people who are too completely under the thumb of what Sir JAMES STEPHEN well calls an Irish "Jacobin Club" to dare to claim their rights as citizens should make any better fight for their duties as subjects? The same power which can compel them to "serve" one and all against the landlords, under pain of social ruin, can as effectually enlist them against the Imperial Government and the Imperial connexion.

It is, indeed, a melancholy proof of that disastrous weakening of the moral fibre which has made such progress in English politics during the last twenty years that it should be necessary even to argue for the principle of "repression before remedy"—a principle which the slightest reflection must show to be essential to the very existence of organized government, considered as anything but an institution existing on the sufferance of the most insignificant minority that can back up an alleged grievance with a threat of disorder. But in the present case it is not necessary to plead on behalf even of this elementary maxim of civilized rule. The crimes organized by the National League form, as Sir JAMES STEPHEN says, "a class of 'themselves'; and the sentiment on which the inept claim of 'remedy first' is founded—the sentiment, that is to say, 'which refuses to take special steps for the discovery of the criminal where the person injured gave provocation—has no application to them.' The great mass of Irish people who suffer from boycotting, the various classes whom the deputation of the other day represented, have nothing whatever to do with the alleged provocation of the Irish peasant—nor assuredly has Mr. HENRY FOSTER BURNES, whose letter to the *Times* of Wednesday last has thrown so startling a light on the extension of boycotting in England. We cannot quite understand the original position of Mr. BURNES, and others like him, who formed a National League "some time ago" in the belief, with all the evidence before them to the contrary, that it was "a genuine body actuated only by a desire to do the 'best for Ireland in a loyal way.' But, anyhow, he has fully atoned for his original imprudence by the courage with which he has cut himself adrift from the League and now exposes their malpractices. There is not much fear that boycotting will make any great way—just at present at least—in England; but even the attempt to transplant the institution to this side of the Channel is significant. It gives us a new measure of the audacity and confidence of its organizers in Ireland, and of the powerlessness of the ordinary law—energetically enforced as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH showed the other night that it has been—to deter them. More clearly than ever, in fact, is it apparent that Government in these islands is face to face with an enemy which, if it cannot be speedily put down by fresh recourse to the "resources of civilization," will make an end of civilization itself. Mr. W. H. SMITH, whose acceptance of the Irish Secretaryship at a peculiarly difficult and dangerous moment deserves unstinted praise, will probably not be long in coming to this conclusion.

"BY THINKING ON THE SUNNY HELOUAN."

JUST as visitors patronize Helouan in the Egyptian winter to obtain a genial even warmth, so in the summer-time the over-worked Anglo-Egyptian official, the climate-tried British officer, the Syrian mother with her family of young children, or the Bey with nothing better to do, all come down to the watering-place to enjoy the fresh breeze which chronically careers round and through the hotel, as a change from the oppressive heat of the last two sultry months in Cairo. And very pleasant is the contrast; for not only is the natural air fresh and clear, but there is an atmosphere of repose and freedom, of distance from work and worry, which is peculiarly grateful to the unstrung body and spirit. From the moment one leaves the Midan Station under the walls of the Citadel one realizes that time is made for man, and that he is no longer the slave of the midday sun. The ancient ticket-collector, with his grizzled beard and bandaged eyes, requires a minute to examine each ticket, and the journey is performed with an elaborate regard for consuming the greatest possible period in getting over the least amount of ground. Each of the four stations is a halting-place by the way, of which the engine-driver and guards avail themselves to have a friendly chat and cigarette with the station-master and telegraph clerks. It is with a sigh of regret that the last of these, Massara, is left behind, and nothing remains but to steam straight ahead into Helouan.

When we arrive at last there may or may not be the one-horse fly of the new hotel or the more imposing double-horsed omnibus of the old-established *Hôtel des Bains*. Unless some traveller has taken the trouble to inform the proprietor of his intended visit, it

is probable that all will have to walk. It depends entirely on whether the coachman happens to have any better amusement on hand than driving down to await the incoming train. In any case the stroll is no great hardship. Over the doorway of the hotel is a scroll inscribed with "Willkommen." The first familiar sound which greets us is the click of the billiard-balls. The proprietor and the chemist who lives next door are playing still, as they have presumably played every day of their lives since last we were here. It matters little that the cushions are fossilizing into an iron consistency and the balls are one maze of cracks. The exercise is chiefly muscular, and as long as a game answers the first purpose of keeping the wrists and biceps in working condition, all minor considerations of angles and side dwindle into insignificance. We feel a great blank, however, as we climb the staircase, for the monkey is no more. This fascinating little gentleman was an especial favourite, and his death from fever induced by a surfeit of the good things of this world is a real loss to the hotel and its visitors. A glorious wind is sweeping through our room, and we prepare for dinner with comfortable anticipations of a really cool night's rest.

At table we find an Egyptian Minister enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* which is his right. The whole room is pervaded with an echoing murmur of "Excellency," which is caught up from lip to lip and never allowed to drop for an instant. He is one of the best specimens of Egyptian bureaucracy, and his manners are a model to the rest of the company. Quiet and unassuming in dress, manner, and speech, it is not his fault if he is never permitted for an instant to forget that he is a high State functionary. He has come down for a day or two as there is not much doing in Cairo. The administrative machine appears to be waiting the advent of the British Envoy before going ahead. It has slowed down until further orders. Next to him is a newspaper Correspondent, also more or less out of work. He would have liked to go home, but has to wait and report on the doings of the Envoy and the results of the mission. He is great on politics, and perhaps, being embittered by the thought of his lost holiday, declares that the mission is all humbug. He saw Lord Dufferin's and Lord Northbrook's missions. He was going to say he had seen the results; but it would be more correct to say that he had not seen the results. Reports! *et præterea nihil*. Some one suggests that formerly they had cried Wolf, and perhaps had got tired of the cry, but this time the real Wolf was coming. The Correspondent merely glowers at the wretched pun and mutters something about "time showing." A subdued-looking man sits opposite who does not speak much, but evidently thinks as profoundly as the fabled owl. He is a householder in Helouan, but, finding his own society dull, occasionally drops into the hotel for *table d'hôte*. His speculation has evidently been a disappointment to him, but he bears up against it as best he can, and invites any of us who like to go round and have some refreshment at his house before retiring to bed. No particular enthusiasm is called forth by the prospect, but several of us mumble what he takes for an assent. Sitting in a row are three English officers, two from Suakim and one from the Upper Nile Expedition. They all look the worse for wear, and have been advised by the doctors to try the rest of Helouan. It seems to suit them pretty well, and they spend the day in reading, except for a stroll down to the Nile before dinner and a cigar afterwards on the verandah, when they fight all their battles o'er again. A sprinkling of Egyptian gentlemen, who say little but eat a great deal, makes up the party.

When we have done, the householder claims his engagement. He appears particularly anxious for the company of the Correspondent, who follows him with the air of a martyr. We stop before an unlighted house, and with some difficulty find our way to the door through a gateway with no gate and a piece of waste land pathless and trackless. Once inside, however, a clap of the hands brings out a sleepy servant, and we discover ourselves in tolerably snug quarters. As we bid our host good-bye at the gateway, the pressman remarks, "Should think it would do no harm to put up a gate here?" "Well, I've been thinking about it; but you see I've only been here three years, and I haven't had time yet"—contemplating the gate-posts reflectively, as if he expected the gate to grow, like Jonah's gourd. "I suppose it'll come some day." "Ah! nice garden you've got, too," retorts the other, glancing at the small desert in front of the house containing nothing but two heaps of stones. "Yes, it's a nice place." "A tree or two would be an improvement though." "Ye-es; all in good time; I can't do everything with a *rush* though." And so we part, it not being clear to our minds whether the Correspondent is poking fun at the householder or the latter at his guest.

And so to bed at the unwonted hour of ten, under the fatal illusion that the amount of fresh air we have imbibed will induce quick sleep. After an hour or two of undisturbed meditation, however, we are startled to discover a huge rat investigating our pillow. The chase affords five minutes' diversion; but he makes good his escape through the window as if he knew the way well, and disappears. Ten minutes later he reappears at another window, and on being dislodged shows up again at a third. The mystery is explained by our discovering a small cornice running round the house, which is evidently a rats' highway. After another hour or so spent in fruitless endeavours to get rid of the creature, we place a piece of cake on the window-sill at his disposal, and he probably eats himself into a state of peace. At six in the morning we are awakened by one of the officers, who insists on our going down for a swim in the sulphur-tank. For the moderate charge of one piastre we are provided with towels and a wooden

shed to undress in. The tank is open to the air, and a few Bedouins sitting under the trees which line its edge devote themselves to watching our gambols. The water is cool and deep and the swim is delicious, notwithstanding the suggestive perfume, which strikes one unpleasantly at first. Back again to a nice little breakfast of coffee, new-laid eggs, fresh rolls, and strawberry jam, and then another day's laziness. The Minister goes back to Cairo, and every one fights for his room until the proprietor arrives on the scene, and says it is engaged for a "family." The family turns up in the course of the day, and proves to consist of a young couple united in matrimony forty-eight hours before. They are hugely disgusted at finding the hotel "so full," and after a couple of days go away again. Of course the Correspondent gets the Minister's room. The officers begin to feel well enough to return to work, and others come up to take their places. We also find that a week of Helouan is nearly sufficient to meet our bodily requirements, and return whence we came, singing loudly the delights we have been enjoying, but more or less determined not to renew the experience for some months more, till we have had time to forget the rats and sandflies and the length of each of the twenty-four hours, and remember only the pure breeze and the cool depths of the sulphur-tank.

FOX AND COX.

THE graver side of the Irish difficulty was excellently set before Lord Salisbury on Tuesday by the deputation which waited on him. But we are not quite certain that the proceedings at a meeting held in the East of London the day before are not equally instructive to those who know how to take a lesson. On Tuesday the serious complaints of the victims of Parnellite tyranny were heard; on Monday the exulting strains of Mr. Parnell's myrmidons (a term for once not inappropriate) filled the Shoreditch Town Hall. Mr. Cox, M.P., presided over the meeting, and Mr. Fox, M.P., addressed it with others; but it really does not matter much what the names of Mr. Parnell's followers are. They may justly say (or might, if their educations had not, as a rule, been of a non-classical character) *nos numerus sumus*; and we do not quite know why their leader does not designate them No. 1, No. 2, No. 85, &c., like torpedo-boats. It would save his uncrowned memory a great deal of trouble and be just as effective. Indeed, as some of them have in all probability been already distinguished by numbers in institutions provided at Her Majesty's charges, the designation would, in at least these cases, be ready to hand. However, the Foxes and the Coxes met at Shoreditch and proceeded to give Englishmen a mild taste of that quality which Ireland is experiencing in its fullest flavour. At present it is for obvious reasons impossible for Fox and Cox to play their parts with the vigour and zest which characterizes the acting at Ballinacorney and Mullinavat. They cannot behave after their true manner here in reference to orphan girls like the Miss Curtins or afflicted unfortunates like the Master Doyles. Still less can they attempt the exploits which were successfully carried out against Curtin and unsuccessfully against Doyle. In the still unsympathetic longitude of Greenwich these things might possibly lead to a personal acquaintance with Mr. Berry, and would certainly cause a renewal of that residence at the Queen's expense of which Cox, M.P., boasted. So they could only talk, and talk they did very instructively.

Three life-and-drum bands opened the proceedings by playing Irish tunes—doubtless different tunes and all together, as a sign and symbol of the harmony which is known to characterize Irish action. Then Cox, M.P., performed a solo on the trumpet, observing that "his own return to Parliament was a significant comment on the condition of things, seeing that he had been in prison for twelve months for rebellion against the existing order of things." Wherein we are disposed to agree with Cox, M.P. It would be impossible to conceive a more significant comment on the condition of things, and on the fatal folly which pretends to regard Ireland as a loyal country, than the M.P.-ing of Cox, M.P. He was followed by the Reverend W. Macdonald, who demanded a native Parliament, denounced the Union as having done divers and disgusting things to Ireland, pledged himself to continue the struggle "till a Parliament in College Green brings back peace to Ireland," and so forth. In these addresses there seems to have been much of the folly but little of the humour of Irish eloquence. The Rev. Father McKenna, who followed, flourished the oratorical shillelagh in a much more amusing manner. The Duke of Westminster's very plain-spoken utterance of last week caused the blood of the Rev. Father McKenna to boil. "A speech," he said, "had been recently delivered by a noble slanderer whose words he was unable from very disgust to repeat." "The cause of Ireland would triumph and Ireland would flourish when [the Duke of Westminster's] money and his memory were rotten." It may be flippant to admit, but is impossible to resist, the temptation of pointing out that if the cause of Ireland is not going to triumph till the Duke of Westminster's money is rotten, it may have to wait some time. Coins in perfectly good condition are frequently discovered some thousands of years old—a very long period to which to adjourn the fulfilment of Nationalist aspirations. But it is the constant and not the most unnamable characteristic of Irish patriotism that it makes these little slips. The disgraced Father was followed by a live baronet, Sir T. Grattan Esmonde, the "great-grandson of the great Grattan." The great-grandson of the great Grattan "protested against the indignity of asking Ireland to

give allegiance to a foreign nation" (which nobody asks her to do), and stated that "Irishmen were willing to be friendly [which is certainly news], but that they would never be Englishmen." Then came Conway, M.P., who talked riddles. "The Lords," said Conway, M.P., "might explode when a scheme of self-government for Ireland was produced." Whether this singular effect was to be brought about by dynamite or by the Lords' own evil passions Conway, M.P., did not explain. But it seems that if the Lords exploded Irishmen "might forget themselves and say 'Let us go with the Liberals.'" This consequence of the explosion of the Lords is even more mysterious than the explosion itself, and it becomes necessary to give it up. Next followed Fox, M.P., who had, it seems, been asked "to notice some words lately spoken by a noble Duke" (from which it would appear that Father McKenna's blessings on the head of the house of Grosvenor were voluntary, not to say obtruded), but that he, Fox, M.P., "would not of his own will have noticed the impotent speech of a hysterical old woman." So Fox, M.P., proceeded to notice the impotent speech of the hysterical old woman "in detail," says the reporter, who, however, unkindly withholds the details. Fox, M.P., was succeeded by Flynn, M.P., who immediately repeated the legendary brutality said to have been inflicted on Jezebel, and "threw the Duke of Westminster down a third time." "His Lordship," said Flynn, M.P., with a slight deviation from technical accuracy, "had stated a deliberate falsehood, and was therefore guilty of a lie." "Loud cheers" are said to have followed this inference, and the Irishmen assembled in the Shoreditch Town Hall no doubt felt that here was a man who was no mean logician. "There were," continued Flynn, M.P., "mutterings in the air, and the thunderbolt of coercion was expected soon. Let it." Here the construction of "let it" is a little *pros to semainomenon*. In strict grammar we should have to construe "let it" as "hinder it"; but this does not seem to have been what Flynn, M.P., meant. He meant "let it come." It would, it seems, be the eighty-fifth Coercion Act, a mystical coincidence with the number of Parnellite members which is very striking, and should encourage those who attend to such things to hope that Mr. Flynn is in this respect a true prophet. Lastly came Redmond, M.P., who wound up the discussion with the rather sweeping remark that the Irish members "were confronted by two parties, who, if they were anything especially, were dishonest politicians." After which diversion the meeting separated.

Now we are prepared for the usual objection that it is unreasonable and undignified to take notice of such idle ravings. And the usual answer must be given, that they are not idle. Except the two extremely Reverend Reverends, every speaker at this meeting was a member of Parliament, a person formally entitled to assist in (or to hinder) the management of the affairs of the kingdom and the Empire, a six-hundred-and-seventieth part of what is practically the governing body of the British realm. Moreover, it is the contention of a not inconsiderable fraction of the Liberal-Radical party that Fox and Cox are entitled, and that nobody but Fox and Cox is entitled, to speak for Ireland. The *Daily News*, speaking of Tuesday's deputation, observes that, whatever it represented, it did not represent "numbers." Numbers are represented by Fox and Cox, and Fox and Cox (each, by the way, bearing a name stamping him indisputably as of English origin) say that they will never be Englishmen, that Englishmen are "foreigners," that England is "a foreign nation." The egregious folly of the thing, the more egregious folly of the persons who do it, are of far less importance than the mischief threatened. It is as a compliment to Fox and Cox that Mr. Gladstone refuses to receive a deputation from the loyalty, the wealth, the business activity, the intelligence of Ireland. It is in obedience to Fox and Cox that the *Daily News* and other instructors of similar sapience tell us that Ireland has spoken by the voices of Fox and Cox, and that England has got nothing to do but listen. Fox and Cox denounce the Union; the Union is to go. Fox and Cox urge the demand of a miserable minority of the people of the United Kingdom that it shall become a disunited kingdom; and the plea of Fox and Cox is too weighty to be disputed. The importance of Fox and Cox includes quite private affairs of life, and the historian of the future who likes to deal with small causes will probably come to the conclusion that Fox and Cox had much to do with the fact that the poor Liberal commoners got no dinner from Mr. Gladstone on Wednesday night.

Great, then, is the significance of Fox and Cox. They have already split up the Liberal party. They have made the three heads of the Whig aristocracy (men who have hitherto borne without a murmur, not merely diminution of their political power, but even attacks on their property) express themselves vocally or silently in more or less direct opposition to the Liberal leader. They have exterminated the Parliamentary Liberal in Ireland; he has gone, driven by Fox and Cox, to keep company with the wolf-hound and the wolf. They have established a reign of terror through great part of the country, and caused the abstention of a large part of the qualified population from the exercise of political rights. Their very personal insignificance, the fact that they are individually mere pawns—scarcely even that, mere counters—in Mr. Parnell's game increases their usefulness for their own purpose. They are not likely to revolt or to sulk, to develop independence or insubordination. Mr. Parnell has foxed and coxed them as political entities; and he can uncox and unfox them with nearly as little difficulty. The very sight of them has changed the conditions of English politics; and when they go and talk what is certainly folly, and what might be called by names better known

to the law in London halls, a certain number of Englishmen listen with bated breath, and say "Fox and Cox have spoken; let us go and do it." The only question is whether the Englishmen who say this are the majority or not, and that is the question the decision of which is looked forward to with an interest to which the interest of all recent political controversies has been but as nothing. The complacent Cox based his modest claim to attention at Shoreditch on nothing stronger than a mere twelve months' imprisonment; and the fiery Fox was pleased to make himself a mere mouthpiece for the proper verbal castigation of the impotent speech of a hysterical old woman. They knew not their own real importance. The question of the hour, laughable as it may seem, is this:—Is England, or is it not, to be at the mercy of Fox and Cox?

A NEW BISHOP AND DEAN.

A SUCCESSOR has at last been found, after an interval of delay unusually protracted, for the See of Manchester. Two prelates, either of whom would have been very competent for the post, had meanwhile been offered and had declined it from reluctance to abandon their present sphere of work. They may have been right, and at all events it is satisfactory to know that Truro and East London will not lose by an appointment which there is every reason to hope will prove a gain to Manchester. Before however speaking of Bishop Moorhouse himself, who is to be translated from the Colonial See of Melbourne, which he has worthily occupied for the last ten years, a word may be said on the general, as distinct from the personal, aspects of the new appointment. This is the second case only of the translation of a Colonial Bishop to an English diocese; and we are far from wishing to imply that such changes ought to occur frequently. In the former instance no one could entertain a doubt of the abundant fitness of Bishop Selwyn for the See of Lichfield, but many of his warmest admirers were disposed to regret that his name should not go down to posterity by the title he had been the first to bear and which he had rendered so illustrious, as in some sense the pioneer and creator of the Colonial episcopate. He was a greater man, they said, as Bishop of New Zealand than as Bishop of Lichfield. Moreover there is much force in the tacit rebuke conveyed some years ago in a missionary sermon of the Dean of Llandaff:—"O for a few graves of Colonial bishops in their own diocese!" As a rule a bishop, and especially one who undertakes the office in a distant land, should feel that he is—according to the old language of the Church—"married to his diocese," and that death alone can dissolve the union. But there are exceptions to this as to every rule, and it is clearly an advantage, on grounds both national and ecclesiastical, that the solidarity, or in theological phrase the unity, of the home and Colonial Church should be publicly recognized in this emphatic way. The Archbishop of Canterbury was once styled *alterius orbis Papa*, and the designation has received of late years a new and very real significance. The "Pananglican synods" assembled under the presidency of Dr. Longley and Dr. Tait were the outward and visible signs of a growth during the last half-century which is insensibly elevating the primacy of all England, in fact if not in name, into something very like a patriarchate. And in days like these, when "the dissidence of Dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion" is making itself in many ways so rampant, it is well that a firm and united front should be presented by the society which Cardinal Newman does not hesitate to acknowledge as at least "the great breakwater against the assaults of infidelity" in this country. And it is hardly necessary to point out that a far stronger front is presented by a body which can show itself to be not purely insular but cosmopolitan. Great no doubt are the benefits of Establishment, as such, in England, and Englishmen, if they are wise, will think many times before consenting to its destruction; but it is also in a religious sense a great benefit to be able to manifest the close bond between the Established Church at home and her unestablished sister or daughter Churches throughout the world. On this ground then, if for no other, so long only as the precedent is not acted on too often, there would be matter of congratulation in the transference of an Australian bishop to an English See. It attests and exhibits, in a manner equally practical though less conspicuous than the Lambeth Conferences, the solidarity of the Anglican Communion throughout the English-speaking world.

But that is not the sole reason for hailing Bishop Moorhouse's appointment with satisfaction. And it is the more important to insist on this, because of the somewhat left-handed compliments bestowed on him by a few of the more extreme Liberal prints. We are told, for instance, that "there is no sacerdotal nonsense about him," and again that he has shown his superiority to clerical prejudices and his consistent faith in the immutable laws of nature by refusing to sanction the use of the prayers for rain in his diocese. The fact, we believe, is simply that he declined to issue a special form of prayer for rain during a drought which he held to be the direct and inevitable result of culpable negligence on the part of the local government, which is quite another matter. "Sacerdotalism," when bandied about as a party nickname, is too vague a term to take cognizance of. Bishop Moorhouse has certainly proved himself much better able than his predecessor at Melbourne—who was a devout but somewhat narrow Evangelical—to grasp the true position and

duties of the episcopal office; and it may be hoped that at Manchester he will exhibit all the vigour, without the narrowness in a certain direction, of the late Bishop Fraser. Before his election to the See of Melbourne he had held two important parishes in London, St. John's, Fitzroy Square, to which Bishop Tait appointed him, and Paddington; the latter for nine years, where he was popular and influential both as a preacher and a parish priest, and worked on cordial terms with all the neighbouring clergy of whatever school. He preached the Hulsean Lectures at Cambridge in 1865, besides other courses of University Sermons which have been published, and he delivered the Warburtonian Lectures in 1875. But it is perhaps even more as an administrator than as a preacher that he specially excels. As well in parochial as in diocesan organization he has been successful, and the management of a great colonial diocese like Melbourne is not a bad training for such a See as Manchester, though perhaps the citizens of Melbourne may hardly care to view the matter in that light. The general respect he inspired, not only among members of his own Communion, may be inferred from the circumstance, which has been publicly recorded, that an Australian Roman Catholic priest spoke of him in terms of high praise as a man "of whom the whole continent might be proud." While however we cannot, for reasons already indicated, agree with those who consider it in any case a mistake and a misfortune for a Colonial Bishop to return home to take an English See, and while we see good grounds for anticipating that in the present case the exception will be justified by the result, we must repeat that such translations ought for obvious reasons to be strictly exceptional, and that we quite agree with the general principle enunciated by Dean Vaughan that the man who goes out to take charge of a Colonial diocese should take it "for better, for worse," and should be content to live and die there.

Almost contemporaneously with the nomination of Dr. Moorhouse to Manchester comes the nomination of Dr. Gott, Vicar of Leeds, to the deanery of Worcester. This also is a satisfactory appointment. Dr. Gott has held for thirteen years with general approval what may be called an historical position, and it is noteworthy that he is the fourth Vicar of Leeds in succession who has received preferment from the Crown, his two immediate predecessors, Dr. Atlay and Dr. Woodford, having been raised to the episcopate. We called the position historical, for it was made so by Dr. Hook, whom Mr. Gladstone some years ago, in a lecture delivered at Hargreaves, selected as the typical example of Christian heroism in a clergyman. And here, in view of the schemes so confidently urged by a certain class of would-be Church reformers, it will not be out of place to recall an observation recently made by Dr. Hook's son-in-law and biographer, Mr. Stephens. Two of the pet schemes propounded by these ingenious crotcheters for the improvement and popularizing of the National Church are, to give a lay veto on all presentations to livings, and to saddle every incumbent with a lay parochial Council having legal control over his ministrations. Now it is demonstrably certain that, if the first of these ideal institutions had existed half a century ago, Dr. Hook's nomination to the parish of Leeds would have been at once peremptorily and almost unanimously vetoed. And, supposing he had become Vicar, it is no less certain that, if the second had existed, the "heroic" labours by which he made it in general estimation a model parish, and in a few years converted Leeds from one of the chief strongholds of Dissent in England into one of the chief strongholds of the Church, would have been nipped in the bud, and he would—probably after six months' abortive efforts—have been driven from a work he was sternly forbidden to carry out by those in whose interests it was undertaken, and—there being happily no "parochial Council"—admirably achieved. Suffice it just to mention here that, as soon as his appointment became known, over 2,000 heads of families in Leeds signed a protest against it addressed to the Trustees, and for several years his energetic efforts were met by his parishioners with the most obstinate and virulent opposition of every kind. His three successors, the two last of whom were nominated by the Crown to fill a vacancy caused by promotion to the Bench, have ably carried on the great work initiated by Dr. Hook, and have thus well earned their reward. Dr. Hook himself indeed, owing to unfortunate prejudices in high quarters which it is needless to dwell upon now, never received the mitre he was so conspicuously fitted to wear, and it was not till after the continuous hard work of more than a quarter of a century, each year of which was marked by the erection of a new church in Leeds, that he was enabled to retire to the learned leisure of one of the poorest English deaneries, to complete his *Lives of the Archbishops*. He had borne the burden and heat of the day, and his successors entered into his labours, and proved not unworthy of the position he had created for them; the second especially, Dr. Woodford, left his mark at Leeds as afterwards on the diocese of Ely. On his promotion to the episcopate, Mr. Gladstone appointed Dr. Gott to the living, which he has held for thirteen years, and which it now again, after two Royal nominations, devolves on the Trustees to fill. The stately worship of the parish church at Leeds—one of the first in this century to witness a revival of daily choral service—will have prepared the new Dean of Worcester to appreciate and utilize the resources of the splendid and splendidly restored cathedral over which he is now called to preside. There too, as at Leeds, he follows one who was confessedly "the right man in the right place," and there is no reason to fear that he will not there also prove equal to its demands. Another deanery, vacated by the death of its occupant, about the same time as Worcester,

still remains to be filled, and speculation is rife as to whom Lord Salisbury may fix upon to succeed Dr. Howson at Chester. Chester has a great historian for its bishop; it would be possible, and not incongruous, to find among the northern clergy a learned historian for its Dean.

SMALL FRY.

II.

NEXT to the gudgeon in the order of edible merit comes the minnow. Though the smallest member of the *Cyprinidae*, he is by no means to be despised on that account. Izaak Walton, speaking of the minnow, says that he may be "for excellency of meat, compared to any fish of greatest value and largest size." Mr. Yarrell says "they make an excellent fry when a sufficient quantity can be obtained," which is a wise proviso as regards so diminutive a little person as *Leuciscus phoxinus*. By this name he is spoken of by Cuvier, Fleming, and Yarrell; Linnæus and Jenyns call him *Cyprinus phoxinus*; and Johnston varies the cognomen still further in *Phoxinus laevis*, the latter word being derived from the Greek *φοξός*, a term which the minnow shares with Thersites, who in the *Iliad* has his head alluded to thereby. Rondeletius spoke of the minnow as *Varius*; and Aristotle, who made many observations on minnows and their habits, always alludes to this little fish as *Phoxinus*, owing to its shape, which he considered was "formed like a top," though why a minnow should be thought more like a top in shape than other fishes—the salmon, for instance, whose shape he reproduces in miniature—it would indeed be hard to say. Top-shaped or not, the minnow is one of the greatest dandies the British rivers possess, especially when he goes courting in the summer time. His back is dark green, ornamented with bars of a darker shade, a yellow line adorns his sides from his gill-covers to his tail, his cheeks and fins are yellow, and underneath he is a brilliant pink during the summer, at other times a faint yellow. As all this variety of colour is united on a little body barely three inches long, it is easy to imagine what an ornamental little fish the *Leuciscus phoxinus* is.

The minnow is very different from the gudgeon in his choice of water, for while the gudgeon has an unpleasant liking for sewer water, the minnow is most particular that the water he lives in should be clear and rapid. The water of the Itchen, which runs past Winchester, and is largely mixed with chalk, is particularly favourable to minnows; and the Itchen minnows are said to be unusually large and handsome. It was perhaps owing to their being so that William of Wykeham, the founder of Winchester College, was so very partial to them, and had them constantly served at his table. At a banquet which he gave to the King and Queen on the 16th of September, 1394, many kinds of fish were served, and amongst them no less than seven gallons of minnows, which cost eleven shillings and eightpence. At this banquet two hundred and ten guests were present, and the dinner cost 385*l.* of our present money. People in those days were more enlightened as to the merits of freshwater fish than they are now, when a fishmonger would open his eyes with astonishment, not unmingled with contempt, if any daring mortal should express a wish for a dish of gudgeon or minnows. As a rule, minnows are very clean feeders, living chiefly on aquatic vegetables, and also on tiny insects and worms or other soft bodies. Some authorities say they are very destructive to the spawn of salmon or of trout; but this is more than open to doubt. Rather is it the other way; for, though the minnow has many enemies, it is a question whether any of them devour as many minnows as do the salmon and trout. From the time he first makes his appearance the minnow's life is a hand-to-hand struggle for existence. All fish are ready to eat him, and even his eggs become the prey of many enemies, especially eels, *difels*, and shore-rats, who watch the minnows during the spawning season, and, if possible, devour all the eggs. If minnows were not so remarkably prolific, they would have become extinct long ago; but, as Aristotle remarked, minnows begin to breed almost as soon as they come into existence. The spawning season, which is in the middle of summer, is a very short one, and the great increase of minnows would therefore seem at first a mystery; but the same observer, Aristotle, discovered that "the younger fishes produce a progeny sufficient to provide a second growth before the expiration of the same season." A writer in *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History* in May 1832 described his own personal observations on the spawning of minnows, which were most curious, as follows:—"I was astonished to find how quickly the eggs were hatched. I discovered a large shoal spawning on the 11th of May; on the 12th they were diminished to one-tenth of the number, and on the 14th there was not one left. As I had by no means satisfied myself on the subject, I felt disappointed that they had so soon finished their operations, and I took up a handful of the gravel where they had been spawning, and examined it with the microscope to see whether I could discover any eggs and how they were going on, when, to my great surprise, I found them hatching, and some of them already excluded from the egg. One of them which I took on the point of a knife swam briskly away, and another was the means of pointing out an enemy to me that I had never before suspected, and that I had always believed to be the prey and not the devourer of fish. The poor minnow had somehow got fast to the point of the knife, and in its struggles to free itself it attracted the attention of a creeper

(the larva, I believe, of the fly called the green drake by anglers), which pounced upon it as fiercely as the water staphylinus does upon the luckless tadpole; but, fortunately for the minnow, either the glittering of the knife-blade or the motion of my hand scared it away again without its prey. The young minnows in this state were quite transparent, except the eyes, which appeared disproportionately large; and they seemed to be perfectly aware that they owed their safety to concealment, as those that I saw immediately buried themselves in the gravel when they were set at liberty." During the spawning season the heads of the minnows are covered with small white osseous knobs, which appear immediately before, and vanish immediately after, the fish have spawned. These are generally supposed to be meant as a protection to the head of the fish during spawning, when they jam their heads in between two pebbles, while their tails stand up almost perpendicularly. In the Report of the Imperial Society of Acclimatization in 1867 there is a most interesting paper by M. Saubadon on the minnow, which he bred in great quantities as food for trout and young salmon. Besides breeding them artificially, M. Saubadon used also to search the spawning-beds of the minnows (which he remarked were always on the same piece of ground) and collect the eggs, which are very small, and are to be found sticking, adherent one to the other, in the interstices of the stones. Sometimes he found masses of eggs two inches in width and eight inches in length, and on one occasion he collected more than six pounds weight of minnow's eggs. *De minimis non curat lex*, so we suppose there is no law against robbing the nest of a minnow. Amongst the minnows the average of the sexes is two males to one female, a fact to be remembered by those who may wish to breed this little fish. Besides feeding on worms and aquatic plants, minnows have also a habit of cannibalism, and devour the dead bodies of their own kind. In a letter to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Hurdiss, dated from Weston, in February 1793, Cowper gives an interesting account of this intelligent habit of the minnows of disposing of their dead relations. "Mrs. Unwin and I crossing a brook, saw, from the footbridge, somewhat at the bottom of the water which had the appearance of a flower. Observing it attentively we found that it consisted of a circular assemblage of minnows; their heads all met in the centre, and their tails diverging at equal distances, and being elevated above their heads, gave them the appearance of a flower half blown. One was longer than the rest; and as often as a straggler came in sight, he quitted his place to pursue him, and, having driven him away, he returned to it again, no other minnow offering to take it in his absence. This we saw him do several times. The object that had attracted them all was a dead minnow, which they seemed to be devouring." A minnow, though a very shy and timid fish, as he well may be when, like Ishmael, he finds every one's hand (or jaws) against him, will readily take a bait. Mr. Manley recommends that he should be fished for in about two or three feet of water, with "a scrap of worm or gentle on a very small hook, or even without a hook, and touching the bottom," for a minnow when he seizes a bait will hold it so fast with his jaws that he may be thus lifted out of the water, hook or no hook. It is only very youthful anglers, however, as a rule, who go minnow-fishing with a rod and line; the more usual manner of capture is a "minnow-net," which Mr. Frank Buckland took great pains to describe:—"A fine meshed net is fastened nearly flat to an iron hoop about two feet in diameter; in the middle is fastened a perforated bullet and a piece of red cloth; three strings run off from the ring and join together about two feet away from the hoop; a longer line is attached to this and also to a pole, say 8 feet long. The net is dropped into the river, the minnows are attracted by the red cloth, and the net is raised quickly by means of the pole." Mr. Buckland forgot to add a necessary piece of advice—that the net should be drawn up at intervals of a quarter of a minute or so, so as not to give such active little fish as the minnows time to dash away after satisfying their curiosity anent the red cloth. The natural inquisitiveness of a minnow often leads to his ruin, as he finds, when he is tempted to enter one of the glass bottles which are often used as traps to capture him. These traps are large glass jars with perforated metal tops, and the bottom made like the mouth of a lobster-pot. Minnows are most interesting little fish to have in a freshwater aquarium, and it is quite surprising how tame they will become in a tank, even to taking food from the hand of their keeper and attending on all his movements. There are several ways of cooking these tiny *Cyprinidae*. The most ordinary method, and perhaps the best, is to treat them like whitebait, "for which," says Mr. Manley, from experience, "they are an excellent substitute," and it is thus *en friture* that they are usually eaten in France. Some connoisseurs pickle them, and pronounce them a most savoury breakfast dish; while Father Izaak quaintly recommends that "their heads and tails being cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washt after, they prove excellent for that use, that is, being fryed with yolks of eggs, the flowers of crowslips, and of primroses, and a little Tansie; thus used they make a dainty dish of meat."

THE DRAMATIC STUDENTS.

THE Dramatic Students are a society of young professional actors, who, finding that the long runs now common in successful plays give them scant occasion to gain variety of skill in their art, have determined to bring out, in single morning performances, the less known masterpieces of English dramatic life.

nature. They eschew such plays as are included in the ordinary repertory, and their only Shakspearean experiment has been one of the least known on the stage of Shakspeare's pieces, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In this modest ambition they have hitherto been successful, and they registered a fresh and very decided success last Tuesday. We follow their efforts with great interest, for we believe that these form the nucleus of a very wholesome revival of interest in the best theatrical writing. The Dramatic Students, who admit into their body not a single amateur, being strictly professional, are therefore critical; while their choice is not biased by the considerations of instant and lasting profit which actuate managers. They are content if they can fill a theatre for a single afternoon, and in this way familiarize players with one great forgotten play after another. By-and-bye this seed will, we do not doubt, bear fruit, and the public will insist on seeing more of these interesting pieces, and on seeing them repeated. It is a sheer absurdity that our seventeenth-century dramatic literature should be without dispute one of the richest ornaments of our language, and yet that none of it, except three or four plays of Shakspeare's, should ever be seen, even for a moment, on the stage. The Dramatic Students deserve well of the literature of their country.

The play which was acted before a crowded and attentive house on Tuesday afternoon, at the Court Theatre, is the fifth in order of Dryden's pieces and his first great success with the public. It must have been the record of this popularity which directed the attention of the Dramatic Students to this play, for *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*, has never been a favourite with modern critics. Scott thought "the characters lame and uninteresting"; but the public of 1667 made an exception in favour of Florimel, which was brilliantly acted by Nell Gwyn. Her vivacity in this part, one particularly sympathetic to her nature, delighted the King, who took the piece under his special protection and graced it, so Dryden tells us, "with the title of his play." As a poetical composition, *Secret Love* is a mixture of too many styles to be regular—prose, blank verse, and rhymed couplets struggling for the ascendancy all through. But now that we have seen it played before us, with scrupulous fidelity to the text, it is necessary either to revise our opinion of its relative poorness, or to raise our general estimate of the value of Dryden's comedies and tragedies as stage-plays. The piece went so pleasantly, with so much sprightly action in the comic parts, and so much dignity and harmony in the tragic, that we are left wondering whether the *Spanish Friar* and *All for Love* would not be even more amusing and moving. It is true that certain points in the structure of the play are seen to be weak even more plainly in watching it than in reading it. The insurrection in the third and fourth acts is simply childish, and proves an impertinence that mystifies the spectator. The character of Lysimantes, first prince of the blood, is not sustained, and takes at the close a turn which is almost ridiculous. The comic intrigue, on the other hand, is capital throughout, and the part of the Maiden Queen herself a fine study of heroic passion. It was noticeable that the whole play, in spite of one or two flat pieces of Restoration commonplace—such as

My cousin is a most deserving person,

at which the house almost laughed—was strangely romantic and almost Elizabethan in tone, the richer periods of verse filling the ear with a melody that suggested the immediate followers of Shakspeare. Mr. Bernard Gould, who took the part of Philocles, is particularly to be commended for his sympathetic rendering of Dryden's verse. He delivered, for instance, the lines—

He's blind indeed!
So the dull beasts in the first paradise,
With levelled eyes, gazed each upon their kind;
There fixed their love, and ne'er looked up to view
That glorious creature man, their sovereign lord—

with a delicacy and propriety of elocution which is rare on the English stage.

The main success of the cast last Tuesday lay, as it did in 1667, in the hands of Florimel, a part which was taken by Miss Norreys. Without undue exaggeration the same language might be used for this gay and versatile actress that was used for Nell Gwyn by Pepys, especially when, "most and best of all, she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have." This was in the fifth act, where the play sparkles most, and where Miss Norreys achieved a very decided and deserved success. Mr. Gould, whose delivery we have already commended, was a romantic and interesting Philocles, who carried out the difficult task assigned to him with remarkable skill, although he should guard against a tiresome trick of striking his side with his open hand whenever he wishes to be emphatic. His momentary lapses under the influence of the Queen's presence—as when, in the last scene, with Candiope in his arms, he yet turns, dazzled, to the Queen—would have been more persuasive if she herself had been more imperious. We intend no discouragement to Miss Webster, who took this last part, when we say that it was a little beyond her powers. It would need a Mrs. Siddons to give it that full tragic majesty, without which it is wanting in truth of impression. The Queen should overawe us with her presence, like a tigress, before we can realize the terror that her amorous passion inspires. Miss Webster felt the part well, and acted it very carefully and conscientiously; but it was beyond her physical capacity. Miss Alice Belmore, as the Queen's confidante, was sympathetic. The purely comic parts of the daughters of Melissa

were taken by Miss Baring and Miss Lillian Carr with a good deal of vivacity. Celadon, the typical light o' love, acted in 1667 by Hart, the tragedian, was taken on Tuesday by Mr. Coffin, who threw into it much grace and much sprightliness.

THE FAROE LAGTHING.

THE twenty-ninth of July, or St. Olaf's Day, is probably the most significant and exciting day in the calendar of Thorshavn. On that day the Faroe Parliament (Lagthing) reopens for the two months' sitting which suffices for its year's work. Holiday is kept from Myling Head, in the north, to Sumbøe, in the extreme south. Schools then break up for the summer vacation. Faroese from all parts of the isles come into the capital by boat-loads, dressed in their best, chattering and laughing, and generally overflowing with high spirits, and very ready to accept of the full the hospitality which their Thorshavn friends will offer them without stint. From the flagstaff in front of the Governor's house, from the staves of a score of other houses, and from the mainmast of the two or three native schooners in the bay, Denmark's colours (a red cross on a white ground) are bravely flying, and the church's bell tinkles gaily periodically; while in the evening of the day there is plenty to eat and drink, and dancing for those who like such exercise in July (though a Northern July) in a room crowded with hot men and maids so that bare movement is possible by strategy only.

For more than eight hundred years St. Olaf's Day has had this importance in Faroe. And the Faroe Lagthing (or Thing, as it was formerly called) dates back as far as 950 A.D.

In these early days of its history Faroe may be said to have been autonomous. Norway was not yet an effective suzerain, though perhaps, through her barons, a nominal one. The rugged, quarrelsome old heroes of Faroe poetry—grandsons of the Norsemen who left Norway rather than bend to the tyranny of Harold Harfager—then exercised real rule over the isles, one after the other, each according to the might of his own arm. And at the Thing meetings, when chiefs and people alike assembled in arms, often more fighting was done than law legislative or judicial. Yet, even in these turbulent days, there was a certain wise order in their proceedings.

The Thing met at Thorshavn in the open air, on the edge of a bleak expanse of heather, bogs, and white rocks. On the east side of the assembly was the sea, with the precipitous end of Naalsee Island showing in the distance three miles away; and an irregular amphitheatre of brown, barren hills, a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height, bounded the site north, south, and west. A flat stone (survival of the altar on which the heathen priests were wont to offer sacrifice) served for the seat of the Judge or President; round about the stone was a barrier to secure the Judge from contact with the people; and profanation of this barrier was punished with outlawry.

This Judge (Dommer) was also Speaker, or Law-interpreter, in the Thing (Lövsigemand-Løgmand, one who is conversant with the laws), and thus filled the most responsible position in the land. For the law of Faroe was an unwritten law; it was handed down from father to son as an oral bequest; and thus the Judge judged rather according to his own discretion than according to precedents. It was his duty to open the Thing with a solemn proclamation of peace and security during the sitting of the Thing, and afterwards to recite the laws, so that the people might not be able to plead in extenuation of crime their ignorance of conventional right and wrong.

In judicial cases the plaintiff and defendant were placed prominently before the Judge, the former with his face towards the South (the abode of light) and the latter facing to the North, where, according to Faroe mythology, darkness and wickedness had their dwelling. The defendant, moreover, sat on a stone, the reproachful name of which still lingers in the word Tyvstene, or thief-stone. Accuser and accused pleaded in person, and the trial ended with the day. A jury seems to have been regularly empanelled, though the number of jurymen differed with the importance of the case under trial. In serious charges twelve was the number of the jury, and these were probably drawn from the representatives of the isles sitting in the Thing at that time.

As for the punishments of convicted criminals in Faroe, these were as various as the nature of their crimes. Generally, however, a fine was deemed sufficient. Bodily chastisement, mutilation, exile, and death itself were also in vogue. Of the different ways of capital punishment, decapitation, drowning, stoning, or hanging, the last was held to be the most disgraceful. Beheading was done with the sword. A base-born man twisted a stave into the hair of the felon, and held this apart whilst a free-born man severed the neck. The relatives of the criminal sometimes co-operated in the stoning, as if thereby to free themselves from the opprobrium he had cast upon them by his misconduct. Occasionally a culprit was trodden to death by horses. But the worst punishment was reserved for criminal women and cowards; these were buried alive, or carried out to one of the many bogs in the neighbourhood of Thorshavn and there drowned by inches. When a sentence of banishment was passed the criminal was put outside the law, and the friends of the injured party might then kill him without fear of legal consequences. In Iceland there was an old practice of providing the convicted felon with a boat, oars, flint, and steel, and a supply of victuals, and then delivering him

to chance and the waves. If he returned after this, he forfeited his life. It is at least likely that a similar custom held in Faroe.

Tradition says that when the Thing was first established, it was divided. One half sat in Suderoe, the southernmost island, and the other at the base of a lofty hill in Osteroe. That indomitable old hero Thrond was then Lagmand for the northern division, and it is asserted that in judicial cases he caused himself, the plaintiff, and defendant to be rowed to a rock on an almost insulated promontory, where he heard and adjudged the matter in dispute.

A common stick (Budstikke, message-stick) was sent from farm to farm as a summons to the Thing. When an extraordinary meeting was desired, a different stick was used. Order was maintained by the Lagmand, and if any one interrupted a speaker, he commanded silence. When the people approved of a speech, either for the eloquence or the substance of it, they clinked their weapons; and they showed displeasure or disagreement by prolonged murmurs which deepened into growls, after the fashion then current in Northern Parliamentary gatherings. At the best, however, it is probable that the early efforts of the Thing were rude and inefficient.

In 1024 the isles rather dishonourably resigned their independence. By the concurrence of a number of the notables, among them being the Lagmand himself, Olaf the Holy was acknowledged king in Faroe. But for ten years longer definitive annexation to Norway was postponed by the patriotic exertions of Thrond, then an octogenarian. In 1027 King Olaf sent one of his barons into Faroe, in quest of tribute. We learn from the ancient record that he "lay in harbour at Thorshavn of Stromoe. Then he summoned the Thing, and a great crowd of people came. Hither also came Thrond from Gøte with a large attendance. Hither also came Leif and Gille (the Lagmand), and they too had much people with them. And there a tent was pitched, and the Thing attended to meet Karl the Sour." Thrond killed this gentleman, regained the headship over the isles, and died a natural death soon afterwards. But there was no Faroese man fit to succeed the hero in his way. And his foster-son, Leif, then the principal man, crossed over to Norway, and surrendered Faroe to Magnus the Good, son of King Olaf the Holy, receiving it again as a fief. From this time the isles were attached to Scandinavia.

This change in the condition of Faroe at once materially changed the nature of the Thing. The Lagmand was still its President, and it continued to meet annually for the same purposes as of old. But the laws enunciated were those of the Norwegian king, and all the inhabitants took oath to conform to them. Nevertheless, the influence of the people in all new legislative proposals was yet very strong. Without their consent "could no law have binding effect longer than the King and his advisers, by their personal authority, could maintain it." And the power to change laws also mainly rested with the people. Indeed, so late as the end of the thirteenth century the Norwegian King was compelled to repeal a law he had imposed upon the Faroese, and to content them with one of their own proposing. It is probable that the bleak and uninviting aspect of the isles saved them from the hardships and even tyranny of direct baronial empire. Their own Lagmand, as head of the Thing, stood nearest between the Faroese and the King, though the Lagmand himself was immediately under that vassal of the King who represented the bailiwick of Faroe in the Norwegian Parliament at Bergen.

After the canonization of King Olaf the Holy, the Thing came to be inaugurated annually on St. Olaf's Day. The Lagmand of old used the following words on this occasion:—

May right be established in God's and the King's name. The Thing peace is proclaimed. Let him who has aught to propose come forward and state his business in words, as the law commands.

The speakers then, each in their turn, stood up, and said their say.

For the most part, then as now, legislation in the Thing was concerned with the land; though the fisheries of the isles, and matters relating to their sheep, cattle, and horses, were also important topics. Foreign affairs, then as now, were not discussed as public business. The Thing was, as the Lagthing is nowadays, strictly a local Government.

The arrangement of the Thing in the middle ages was on this wise. There were three benches, parallel to each other. On the middle bench sat the members of the Thing elected by the people to represent them. Each member was provided with two counsellors; the one sat on the bench before him, and the other was in his rear. The Lagmand had his seat in front of the benches, and the people thronged behind, listening attentively (if the chroniclers are to be believed) to the recital of the laws, and the discussion consequent thereupon. When a question was put to the vote a majority carried the day; but "if the Lagmand was on the weaker side, the stronger had to have a majority of at least two voices. Each voter had, moreover, to confirm his vote by an oath unless the minority were fewer than twelve." At this time the governing body, exclusive of the Lagmand, numbered forty-eight.

For awhile it would seem that the Faroe Thing (or the judicial part of it alone) and that of Shetland were in combination, and that Faroe business had to be taken to Shetland. But from 1469, when Christian I. pawned the Shetlands to the King of Scotland, dates the political disunion between the Shetlands and Faroes, though the people of the isles have very much in common to this day.

In the seventeenth century a Governor (Amtmand) was first appointed to the Faroes; and then, as a result, the Lagmand sank to a personage of but secondary consequence. Later again, however, when Frederic IV. took the isles, with the other dependencies

of the Crown, directly under his own "surveillance," the Lagmand and the Sysselmen (acting probably in the capacity of sheriff, and district magistrates, and revenue officers respectively) were responsible to the King himself. The Lagstol, or survival of the old Thing, was abolished in Faroe in 1816; and with the Thing the obsolete dignity of Lagmand also ended.

In 1854 the present Lagthing was instituted in the isles, but it differs radically from the earlier Thing, in that its work is administrative only. There is a separate Court of Justice in Thorshavn, presided over by a judge; and the Sysselmen continue to exercise district magisterial powers. The Faroes also send two representatives to the Danish Parliament, both being Lagthing's men. One sits in the Landsting, or Upper House, and the other in the Folkething.

The following extract from a Faroe historian will show that in old times St. Olaf's Day in Faroe was to the full as important socially as politically:—

When the Thing business was over the evening was given up to recreation or familiar intercourse; the bards stood forth and sang lays about the chief events of long distant and recent times. Men who seldom met now bared their minds to each other. Buying and selling were stopped, and gave place to other engagements. The young men on this occasion made acquaintance with the maidens who attended their fathers or near relatives, and many a one journeyed to the Thing to get a bride, or returned therefrom as a bridegroom.

The Lagthing-house in Thorshavn is a black wooden edifice standing by itself on the edge of a meadow. It contains one principal room, with two doors, for the governing body and the people respectively. In length it is some thirty-six feet, by eighteen broad, and it has a rough gallery at one end and a desk on a dais at the other. In the middle of the room are some tables covered with brown oilcloth, arranged in the shape of a horseshoe, and a number of chairs. These chairs are for the Lagthing's men. The desk on the dais marks the position of the Governor of the Faroes, whose deputyship is also indicated by the bust of King Christian IX. on the wall behind. And the gallery, separated by a low partition from the rest of the room, is for the forty or fifty enlightened Faroese who care to be present at the opening of a legislative Session. The other furniture of this House of Parliament consists of a tall clock, which ticks on one side of the room, and a stove.

This commonplace room, this Governor in his gilded uniform, these score or so of respectable farming gentry and others, for the most part in ill-fitting black coats, and the twoscore swarthy Faroese fidgetting uneasily in the gallery, are the successors of the picturesque gathering of armed men who crowded in the open air round about the white stone whereon sat their President and Judge.

LANDSCAPE AT THE OLD MASTERS.

THE Winter Exhibition at Burlington House deals in no one school fully enough to cause us to forget last year's notable display of Dutch and Flemish pictures, nor can it boast any single work of such crowning interest as the admirable *Mabuse*; still it contains several canvases which stand in an interesting relation to some modern developments of art. The sort of renaissance which has taken place in the nineteenth century has been eminently one of landscape, some of the essential qualities of which have come to be recognized and admitted as essential in every branch of painting. On the walls of the Academy we may trace certain tendencies from the far past, and see them at the beginning of this century culminating in notable pictures of different schools. Of these some were destined to inspire the modern realistic movement; whilst others, perhaps more esteemed in their day, have had but little influence on present art.

Two easily distinguishable theories of landscape have descended the centuries, catching country after country on the rebound. One of them owes its structural dignity, its ideal beauty of composition both in line and mass, and the regularity and finish of its technique, to the Roman and Tuscan figure-schools from which it probably sprang. The other ripened side by side with figure-painting in the Low Countries, and, like it, may owe something to Venetian traditions, as well as to early native models. However that may be, it is virtually in the work of Ruysdael, Rembrandt, and their compeers, and in such pictures as the "*Château de Stein*," by the Fleming, Rubens, that the sentiment which has at last almost universally prevailed in the nineteenth century first appears as definitely formulated, and opposed to the classic school of the Poussins, Claude, and Salvator Rosa. Before the beginning of the seventeenth century landscape was hardly treated frankly and sincerely on its own ground, or entirely freed from the aims and laws of figure-painting; so that, at its very starting-point as a separate art, it is to be found divided into these two principal schools. Those of Belgium and Holland have been considered realistic, and those of the South classic, although, in truth, both are in pursuit of qualities which correspond to facts in nature. The Northern landscape more decidedly threw over old ideals and the technique of previous schools, and more emphatically aimed at a co-ordination of what are called modern qualities; such as composition artfully concealed, natural and aerial colouring, and the study of large effect rather than the structural or sculptural delineation of objects. In illustration of these different aims we may point to Ruysdael's "*Bleaching Ground*" (56), a landscape most truly atmospheric, though in a very dark and solemn key of colour. The lines of the composition which represent

objects, the boundary of earth and sky, are unnoticeable, are apparently unstudied; they portray such a place as you might find almost anywhere, though doubtless much thought was really spent on rendering their proportions unobtrusively harmonious. The true dignity and grandeur of the conception, however, exists in the lines, masses, and gradations of the aerial effect, and in the importance of the vast cloud which towers aloft and dominates the whole shadowed plain. We have only to turn to a very fair sample of the more realistic manner of Claude (133) to remark a very different aim and the cultivation of very different qualities. The large pattern of the objects, the silhouette of the big trees on the left, the picturesque bridge, the romantic outline of the hills, the towered city perched on woody heights, are all designed and assembled for the sake of the elegance of their structure, and with little reference to their participation in any general effect of nature. Though they may have some broad artistic interest, as appearances revealing a great and impressive action of light, they possess, to a greater extent, an ordinary human interest wholly due to the romance of their detail. Moreover, the scheme of colour is based on the pursuit of absolute beauty. Its gradations—masterly enough, indeed, and exquisitely refined—are studied expressly to this end; whereas, in the work of the Dutchman, the impression of a phase of weather and of a certain broad and solemn natural effect inspires and controls the innumerable refinements and gradations of the material. The colour of a Claude, while more or less suggestive of the external world, reminds one of the tenderly beautiful hues of certain delicate porcelains; that of a Ruysdael, though less absolutely lovely, realizes more subtly the effect of light and vapour upon large planes and surfaces. It was a great innovation to paint the atmospheric envelope and the big planes of effect resulting from sun, shadow, and reflection of sky more emphatically than objects which long habits of thought and old tricks of representation had already invested with defined outlines. Figure-painters had studied objects structurally, close at hand; and, although in a real landscape effect separate contours might disappear, it required the greatest courage to represent an unaccustomed truth, and thus to emancipate art from the traditions of figure-painting, or what may be called "the study of the Near." Northern artists, more fervid and personal in their observation of nature than sensitive to the beauties of style, have been apter to introduce new estimates of the relative importance of qualities, and readier to play fast and loose with old-established principles of treatment. On the other hand, Frenchmen and Italians, less naturally responsive to the external excitant—nature—and more impressionable to the qualities of paint—the means of expression—are more capable of perfecting methods than ready to innovate in matters of perception and sentiment. Thus the Greek ideals started the great art of Italy; the men of the Netherlands modified this art, and especially introduced a new landscape feeling; England later on revived and completed their tradition, but left Europe, and particularly France, to perfect the style they initiated.

Coming to the eighteenth century, we have, in such work as Wilson's "Italian Landscape" (58), an example of the passage of the Italian tradition through England. At first sight there is something Dutch about Wilson, which is, however, no more than the clumsiness common to the Dutch and most other imitators of the Italian method in this century. Wilson, for instance, has borrowed, and in a way of his own has almost improved upon, Claude's rich, mellow tone of colour; but it is from himself that he has derived his cabbage-like trees, so carelessly arranged, in groups so childishly mechanical. To be thus rude, whilst endeavouring to imitate the grand and studied air of the avowedly conventional schools of composition, is to fail in your intention; it is a result that must not be confounded with the successful practice of simplicity so often seen in the work which Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Morland produced under the influence of the Low Countries. Of these masters we have no very characteristic examples this year; so we have to be content with Wright, of Derby, whose landscapes occasionally show some of the breadth, the naïveté, and the freshness of perception of the famous school to which they may be referred.

But, by the beginning of the present century, English artists had developed the principles of both schools beyond the practice of the last, or of neighbouring countries, and were ready to head the modern advance, in whichever direction it should incline. Upon the one side stood Constable and the painters of the Norwich school; upon the other, the classic, the most prominent figure is Turner. The various ideals of subject and execution which he has followed may be observed and studied in the forty-six drawings exhibited in the Water-colour Room. One need not perhaps wonder that the world followed the more consistent and complete artist and craftsman, John Constable. Indeed, Turner seems to us to have done his soundest and greatest work when most under the influence of the current of his time—a time when the world was wheeling slowly round to a closer study from nature of the truths special to landscape. The open-air observation of atmosphere, values, ensemble, effect, is the Antique and Life School of Landscape; and Turner's art, in spite of his colossal imagination, began to suffer when he forgot its teachings. In "Bligh Sands" and the "Frosty Morning," where he is true and sincere, he is at his best, and, at the same time, he is like his contemporaries. So, much of the "Pilot Boat" (156), the only oil exhibited, might have been painted by Cotman, though the ingenious and complicated invention of beautiful form in the near waves is altogether after the manner of the painter himself, who was rarely troubled about the

breadth or consistency of an effect. Amongst the water-colours the "Dartmoor" (28) and the "Snowdon" (25), good and solid in structure and solemn in effect, are also conceived in the sincere spirit of the epoch. In our opinion (which is not Mr. Ruskin's), Turner appears to next best advantage when frankly continuing the classic tradition. This it was in the nature of his talent to do as no other man of his century could; this he probably would have done more effectually but for the fervid passion for novelty of sentiment which drove him into the wilds of Turnerism, where neither he nor any after him has ever reaped a fruitful harvest. Good examples of the later development—the scandal of artists, the delight of art-critics—are the "Lake Lucerne" (6), with its awkwardly triangular foreground filled with flimsy and unreal patches of colour, representing, not solidity, nor air, nor anything possible, and yet as decorative spots garish and uncomfortable; the "City and Lake of Constance" (18), with its vulgar and impossible citron-coloured hill; and the "Splügen Pass" (22), cheap and common, not only in colour, but also by reason of its side-scene arrangement and the theatrical proportions of its rocks. Very different is the work of his classic period. The "Folby Hill" (10) is an admirable and almost rhythmic composition, where the scheme of colour and the succession of the aerial planes, though idealized and conventional, are thoroughly logical and consistent. Of similar quality is the "Bonneville, Savoy" (38). Such pictures show at his best the greatest modern opponent of the school, the school which has been finally victorious—the school which is here represented by a pair of Constables, the "Hay Wain" (153) and the "Stratford Mill" (158). It was such work as this which put France in a commotion, and made her for a long time the foremost and most consistent supporter of the great realistic movement in art. Here, however, the Academy and the National Gallery abruptly cease to take official notice of the progress of the school which, first revived in England, has produced such a long and illustrious line of pupils in France. Perhaps of all the followers of the painter of the "Hay Wain," the greatest was the one who, to all appearance, owes him least. Official England still protests that even Corot could not finish, could not paint, was a mere sketcher:—Corot, who combined and invented a new style upon which almost all vital landscape art is more or less based at the present day! This, as all painters know, Corot has done; and, as compared with the purposeless elaboration of detail, it is as nothing in the eyes of men who neither perceive the broad truths represented by the one school nor appreciate the dignity and grace of the other. A feverish revolution to classic principles would probably have set in long ere this, had not Corot resumed in his practice so many of the great qualities of his rival predecessors. Certainly, like most great originators of style, he sought no wide variety of subject and no intense and passionate expression of himself; Rousseau was the explorer and experimenter of the movement, Millet its prophet and priest. It is painful to reflect that, while all this was going on in France, England lay bound and helpless in the hands of the Philistines. In poverty of idea, meanness of composition, the utter absence of any grasp or view of the subject, in childish triviality of execution Mulready's landscape (4) may be accepted as a typical sample of the art of the period. Now, however, that the Englishman, with his subtle observation and fervid personality, is once more awake, he will not fail to divert the movement he originated into fresh fields. It is not the modern French picture that is wanting in our public galleries; what we ask is some examples of the great Frenchmen of 1830, who are in a manner the Old Masters of our century, inasmuch as they have matured the movement our own John Constable began.

A YEAR'S AGRICULTURE.

FOR a person of a desponding turn of mind, disposed to take a pessimist view of home affairs in general and of home agriculture in particular, few better antidotes could be prescribed than a perusal of the annual Reports on farming published by the Privy Council. Year after year these dull-looking volumes, with their array of stubborn figures, give the lie flatly to a whole tribe of croakers who have been for months before uttering lamentations over the ruin of the farmer. The "Returns," as they are called, contradict this year more obstinately than ever the forebodings of premature despair, and illustrate powerfully the determination of the agriculturists to "die hard," if they are to die at all. There are, on the whole, more signs of encouragement to be gleaned from this last lot of figures than for several years back. There are not only evidences that the tide of adversity is rising more slowly than we were led to suppose, but a hint here and there that it is being driven back, or at least successfully withstood.

Perhaps the easiest way to establish this welcome conclusion is to point to the very first item noticed in the Returns. It is recorded that in June last there were in Great Britain some 80,000 more acres of cultivated land than in the preceding summer, and half a million more of such acres than at the end of 1879, when the bad times began in good earnest. Ireland, of course, tells a different tale; but then the loss in Ireland is not, and has never yet been, sufficient to counterbalance the gains made by the sister-island. We have here, then, to begin with, a very sufficient answer to the dismal assurances so persistently dinned into our ears about the impossibility of making farms pay, and about the large number of holdings which were being left un-

cultivated because they could not be let. If farming were really in so bad a way, and if the rents generally were being reduced at so rapid a rate, it is incredible that large stretches of waste land should still be thought worth reclaiming. The "margin of cultivation," over which Adam Smith waxed eloquent, would recede instead of advancing, for it could no longer be found profitable to expend labour upon the more sterile of the enclosures already made. The fact is, however, that there has been an increase this year not only in pasture land, but also in the arable, which we have been assured over and over again could not possibly be managed profitably any longer. The addition made to this species of farmland is, no doubt, small, especially in England; but still it is an increase, both here and in Scotland and Wales. And we might have been well content, all things considered, if it had only been shown not to have decreased. This is, indeed, the first time for ten years past that a decrease has not occurred in arable land; and the phenomenon is undeniably one of good augury. For, although no one now seems to trouble his head about the matter, it should nevertheless be remembered that, after all, it is the arable land which would be our mainstay if the country were once hard put to it in a big war. It is all very well to talk of the temporary expediency of converting such land into pasture; but when the pinch came, and there was a real alarm as to foreign supplies, we should see such a run upon the corn-producing area of Great Britain as might in a few months recoup the wheat-growers for years of adversity.

Simultaneously with the increase in area of food-producing land there has been, as usual, an extension of pastures and meadows, which less properly deserve the name, inasmuch as, though they do produce food, it is exclusively food for cattle, and not for the lords of creation. But this extension has during the last year been much less rapid than for several years past. Taking the eight previous years, its average rate of progression was at the rate of over 200,000 acres in each year, whereas last summer it was found to have increased only to the extent of 50,000 acres. What does this mean? Evidently that the attractions offered by dairy-farming have not been found so great as they seemed a short time ago. Foreign competition, which has for six years past been inflicting such heavy losses upon the corn counties, is beginning to tell with similar effect upon the grazing counties, where cheese, butter, and pork are the chief articles of produce. This is not a fancy argument; the ocular proof of its correctness is to be found in the Returns themselves. Imports of wheat and wheat-flour grew in ten years from an average of 50 million cwt. to one of 70 millions. But in 1884 they sank to 62½ millions. In like manner the imports of horned cattle rose from about 200,000 head to close upon 400,000, and beef from 250,000 cwt. to 1,000,000. But in both these items there was a decline in the year 1884. On the other hand, in the same year both cheese and butter continued to be imported in increasing quantities. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to look further than this for a reason to account for the diminished eagerness to lay down arable fields for grass. But, if a further explanation is needed, it may be found in a comparison of the fall in prices of foreign produce. Severe and rapid as has been the depreciation of value in corn, fresh meat, and live stock between June 1884 and June of the present year, it will not, probably, equal the decline that has occurred in the market for cheese, butter, and pork.

This question of imports lies, of course, at the root of all present speculations as to the future of farming in England. As imports increase, the farmer suffers, often without any real benefit being thereby conferred upon the consumer. The more self-supporting the country can be made the better for those who own and till it. And looking at the matter from this point of view, there is again some comfort in the present Returns. The average value of agricultural food products imported for the benefit of each head of the population last year was 3*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*, which is less than had been recorded for exactly ten years before. The fall in wheat alone in the year was from 24*s.* to 16*s.*, in live and dead meat from about 16*s.* to 14*s.*, and in vegetables from 1*s.* 5*d.* to 1*s.* A part of this falling off is to be attributed to the depreciation in value, and a part perhaps to the more economical expenditure of a people suffering from depression in trade. But, after making every allowance, it must be admitted that the country had during the twelve months become more self-supporting, both as regards corn lands, grazing lands, and market gardens.

The other chief features in the Returns show less divergence from the characteristics of past years and from the results that have been naturally expected. There was a notable diminution in bare fallow land, no doubt on account of the dry seed-time. There was a good increase in horned cattle and sheep, especially the former; and a consequent extension of the area under clover, vetches, and mangold. Horses decreased in number; and the decrease cannot be accounted for, as the official reporter suggests, by a diminution in the area of arable land, for that area happens to have increased, though his other reason—the more general use of machinery—may have had something to do with it. Pigs seem to have found less favour with the farmers; and there is again a striking sign of the inveterate hatred and contempt with which poultry-farming is still regarded in this country. The insignificant number of ducks, geese, and turkeys kept in English homesteads has actually decreased; and the deficiency is not made up by a paltry increase in barn-door fowls. This comparatively small item in the Returns has its special value as evidence of that reluctance to attend to small details which is the one fault chargeable to English farmers

as compared with foreigners. They need apparently an even more severe lesson than has yet been vouchsafed them to teach the paramount necessity of utilizing all means, both great and small, of extracting its full value out of every part of their holdings.

If any one is inclined to think that the above remarks are too optimistic, he may observe that we speak not of any positive improvement in the farmer's position, but only of evidences that his misfortunes are less overwhelming than some critics have represented them to be. The downward tendency of this industry as a whole is shown in a multitude of particulars which we only omit to mention because they have been noticed over and over again in previous years. There is, for instance, no longer any doubt that, as compared with the average of recent times, agricultural produce of all kinds has fallen to a disastrously low level. This reduction in value means at least a corresponding reduction in rent, and that again entails at least an equal fall in the selling price of land, especially as the revolutionary schemes now floating about tend to scare away and discourage all purchasers of real property. Now if we take the fall in prices to have been fifteen per cent., which is a most moderate estimate, that would mean a loss of just about 500 millions sterling in the value of land in Great Britain alone. As for Ireland, we know that the loss has been incalculably greater, but then there were special causes for this, which do not yet, fortunately, operate in England. There are also divers items in which the farming industry shows a discouraging lack of progress, or even in some cases a retrogressive tendency. Fifteen years ago the average stock of sheep was larger by nearly three million head than it is this year. Indeed, in England alone the decrease since that time has amounted to more than three millions. Pigs are not kept in such large numbers as they were during the ten years ended in 1875. The cultivation of common vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbages, and carrots, has progressed with very lame and halting strides. And in orchards and fruit-grounds, though there was a solid improvement last year, the advance during ten years has been inexplicably slow. Turning to an old Report for 1876, we find the orchards and fruit-grounds set down at about 160,000 acres, and they now occupy less than 193,000. The market-gardens have grown much more rapidly—from 38,000 to 54,000 acres; and of this increase no less than 6,000 acres is credited to the last year. But nursery-grounds have increased meanwhile to a quite insignificant extent.

The interpretation of the tables and remarks appended to the Report is a work full of snares and pitfalls; and an unwary critic may speedily be led by them into dangerous delusions and gross economic fallacies. Take, for instance, the statement that the lambing season in 1885 was "generally favourable." This would to the mind of many readers suggest the conclusion that a proportionately larger percentage of lambs would be reared and appear in the Returns. The reverse, however, is declared to have been the fact. Lambs were ready for the market earlier, and thus were killed, cooked, and eaten before the enumerators ever had a look at them. Meanwhile the more elderly muttons also disappeared in large numbers without getting a place on the register, inasmuch as the scarcity of feed caused by the dry spring induced many of their owners to convert them into hard cash returns. The parching suns of April and May hardened the hearts of the shepherds as well as the surface of the pastures, and were more powerful in forcing the sheep to market than the low prices were in keeping them away. On the other hand, the enumerators believe that, in the case of cattle, the low prices obtainable induced farmers to keep their beasts unsold, in spite of the fact that keep was wanting for them. The two theories do not seem very consistent; but, if the official reporters are here mistaken, they only err in company with most other people who attempt to generalize from agricultural statistics. A Lincolnshire man, for instance, who knew that in his county sheep had decreased by 13,000 during the year, while corn lands had increased by more than 5,000 acres, might be excused for coming to conclusions as to the tendencies of English farming which are by no manner of means in accordance with the true facts.

GENERAL UTILITIES.

THE stage, as we all are glad to know, is not now the place of shame it used to be. Actors are no longer "rogues and vagabonds"; and a new Junius, in act to remonstrate with a later Garrick, would have to moderate the rancour of his terms, in recognition of the fact, on pain of expulsion from decent society. The actor's calling, indeed, has become an open one. It is a career for any one who chooses to adopt it, and it is recognized for a condition of life as honourable as any other. That this is in some ways to the advantage of the art it would be idle to deny. But the good is very far indeed from being unmixed. It is true that with us the theatre is the most popular of existing institutions; but it bids fair to be the worst served as well. There is an excess of every sort of interest—high salaries, enthusiasm, critical eloquence, social consideration and regard. But the trail of the amateur is over it all; and, unless the inevitable reaction comes speedily, the art of acting—already a trifle overlooked and disparaged by the worshippers of "personality"—will soon have ceased to be.

For the stage is to the idlers and dullards of these later years what the army was to the dullards and the idlers of a certain number of years ago. The inutilities of former generations

enlisted, or went, as became them, directly to the devil; those of to-day, less courageous and less wise, are content with an easier fate, and become actors. They are not so fortunate as their predecessors, who were subjected to discipline, and compelled to work out such salvation as it was in them to achieve in the shadow of the triangles, and under fire from the national enemy. On the contrary, they go upon the stage because the life is an easy one and a free, and because it offers, or is supposed to offer, a steady round of opportunities of one or another form of self-indulgence. It has never occurred to them that acting is an art, and an art whose practice is more difficult than that of any other; that to excel in it is impossible in the absence of a combination of peculiar qualities, both mental and physical, which is not often found; that to profess it without a certain personal disgrace a man must work his hardest with both body and mind; and that incompetence is no more respectable on the boards than at the bar, or behind a grocer's counter, or at the tail of a dustman's cart. They think of none of these things; and from their point of view they are right. Their ambition is not to act, but to pose as actors; they take up histrionics not as an art, but as an agreeable form of idleness; to them the theatre is a centre not of work, but of excitement. Give them two lines to speak, and they are satisfied to speak them for two hundred nights on end, with no loss of self-respect and no desire to do better or go higher. They are "actors" (save the mark!), and that is enough. In the theatre they are nothing; but they are tremendous fellows outside. They belong to "the profession," and, if its essentials are remote from them as patristic Greek, its accidents and scandals are as daily bread. In the consideration and discussion of its baser parts, they live such real life as they can compass. Here is their only interest, here their peculiar function, here their great desire and their eternal opportunity. They are eloquent on Lottie's diamonds and Bella's victoria, and cognate subjects; they sparkle on Charlie's new "mash" and "Billy, old man's" "recess"; they exult in "drinks"; they talk of "getting the bird" as to the manner born; and when the time comes (as to some of them no doubt it must) they will borrow half-crowns at sight with the gusto and assurance of the oldest "utility merchant" in all the length and breadth of "Prosser's Alley." They have all of them that much of "the profession"; and for the most of them to have it appears to be something that makes life worth living. Surely it were better for them if they took to sweeping the streets, or aestheticism, or the study of Mr. Herbert Spencer? Surely it could be not much worse for them if they traded in dynamite or political affidavits?

What is certain is that their absence is desirable, if not for their own sake, at all events for that of the British theatre. For the truth is that, as we have said, they are a real danger to the establishment in the future, and withal a real plague upon the establishment in the present. That they find employment at all is partly their own misfortune and partly the folly of the public, which has ceased from being interested in acting, and gone mad instead upon the stage in general; but it is mainly the fault of the philanthropic artist-manager. They are most of them monied enough to be content with a pound a week and the privilege of dressing themselves; and they are, therefore, able to underbid and undersell such members of "the profession" as have learned their trade, and are compelled to pursue its practice as a means of livelihood. It matters little or nothing that they are ignorant of their business, that they have no natural aptitude for the state of life to which it has pleased them to call themselves, and that they "follow the arts" as a pastime only. The important thing is that they are cheap, and that to engage them is for the philanthropic artist-manager (as aforesaid) not merely a saving in pocket, but also an excellent advertisement and (with the general) a great increase of reputation. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!" That is the secret of their presence, that is the enchantment which has bestowed upon them such being as they possess. One can lay in three of them at the cost of one stock-actor, and at the same time pose—and with success!—as a benefactor of the stage; so that it is small wonder if they abound, and if acting languishes and the stock-actor starves.

A GREAT COURT LEET.

IN the public places of certain Yorkshire towns, which lie within the precinct and ancient soke of the manor of Wakefield, there appears, in the April and October of each year, a printed bill, advertising the inhabitants of the surrounding townships that, on a particular day and at a place named, "the Great Court Leet of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, with the view of frankpledge and the tourn," will be holden, at which they will be required to answer their "call or essoin," under pain of being amerced; and that "the Great Court Baron" of the lord of the manor will likewise be holden, whereat, under the same penalty, the freeholders and copyholders must also answer their call or essoin. If the curious student of ancient legal customs should attend the ceremonial, he will not be greatly impressed by it, though it will suggest many things to him. When the thirteen jurymen, seated on a bench in a small, crowded room, have been sworn in—a proceeding they are often in an unseemly haste to get over—the Manor Bailiff, bearing a wand, and having a roll in his hand, will advance towards those assembled, and cry out in a loud voice:—"O yes! O yes! O yes! (Oyez). All manner of persons who owe suit and service to the

Great Court Leet of our Sovereign Lady the Queen; and also to the Great Court Baron of Sackville George, Lord Conyers, Baron Conyers, Lord of the Manor of Wakefield, holden here this day: Let them come forward and give their attendance, and they shall be heard!" Whereupon it may be presented—as on an occasion we have in memory—of a certain Badger that he has meted out provisions to his customers from an unjust scale—to wit, from one to which flour, from damp or other cause, has adhered in cakes, and has, in fact, to all purposes, become part of the scale itself. This circumstance, at the Court Leet we allude to, having been credibly attested, the Court-Bailiff amerced the gentleman in question in six pounds sterling, who, being greatly angered thereat, demanded, with loud voice, if this was English law he was tried by—he little knew how very English it was. The jury of the Court Leet, by ancient custom, have the right of "afferring" or reducing the amerancements by one half; but in this case they declined, whispering amongst themselves, somewhat gleefully it must be confessed, that the badger was "a daicon an' a local praicher." The next presentment was of a different order; it was alleged that a poor itinerant greengrocer, in ignorance rather than of illegal purpose prepen, had made himself certain leaden weights, which indeed he averred outweighed the standard; but he, too, was amerced—in thirty-five shillings, which was affixed by the jury to one-half. There were many other cases of those who had used unlawful weights, or measures not officially stamped, and when these had been punished by fine, for the Leet cannot imprison, the criminal business concluded, and the Court Baron began—for, in these days, the jurisdiction of the Leet extends to weights, scales, and measures only. But the jurors, as representatives of the townships, are still accustomed to elect constables, by-law-men, pinders, presenters, and other officers of the Court, thus exercising the privileges of the old mark-moot-men.

These proceedings are plain and unpretentious enough, and we may well believe that when the "Pinder of Wakefield" was appointed at just such a Court as this—and there are several Robin Hoods named in the manor rolls—the doings were more weighty and far more picturesque. Yet it is worth noting that the simple duties of a country Leet in these days are very typical of the original purpose of what is certainly the oldest Court in the country. However, as has been shown in some previous articles on the English Manor, the "mark-moot" may have been dwelt on unduly. When the township came under the jurisdiction of a lord—Saxon first and Norman afterwards—it developed into a manor, and the profits of it were his. If the township presented that the miller had taken too much mulcture, or the baker put alum in his bread, the lord pocketed the penalty; and, when the lord's steward adjudged the fine, the jury had a say in the matter; thus, if he assessed it too high, they reduced it by half. The Normans consolidated the system, and the Court was a royal court of justice in the hands of a subject, with all the duties of a sheriff's tourn; but still it was held solely for the benefit of the people, who had their share in its jurisdiction, unlike the Court Baron, which was for the good of the lord. When, after the Conquest, the system of frankpledge—the associating of ten men together as sureties one for another—was introduced, or rather confirmed, the Court Leet had the view of the frankpledge—the seeing whether the associations were maintained; and in several Yorkshire manors, as a nominal duty, it has it yet.

In that charmingly dull book *ancient Courts Leet and Baron*, "writt heretofore in French by the Methodically Learned John Kitchen, of Gray's-Inn, esq.," one may see how varied and extensive were the duties of the Leet in Elizabethan times. Kitchen enters on his work in no light spirit, telling us that we ought first to consider why the king was ordained of God, for what purpose the law was ordained, and how very ancient and honourable these Courts be; and he exhorts the jury to justice, telling them that "the lips of a liar are an abomination to the Lord." "Now you ought to consider," he goes on, "that you which are of the jury are chosen in such manner as the angels of God are at the last day of judgment of man"; and, in a "Glass for the Steward," he instructs that official in the ways of equity and prudence. It is perfectly clear that the Court Leet in its origin was a representative assembly for the public weal, and could punish offenders against society for whom the law has few or no terrors in these days. Thus it could seize upon "common barrators"—men who went about amongst the people sowing dissension and setting them one against another; who spread calumnies, rumours, and reports; and who lived by getting up vexatious lawsuits—and could clap them in the stocks. It could lay hold of and punish with fine all eavesdroppers, such as hung listening at doors and windows, or followed people to hear their discourse, and then went about the village tattling, as busybodies will, their mischievous tales. It could carry off the virago, the scold, and the shouting female of the streets, and punish her with the tumbrel, or the ducking-stool. The Leet had a particular control over tradesmen who did injustice to their customers by using unjust weights and measures—almost the sole relic of its jurisdiction now—but it controlled them in other matters also. Thus it would lay the "assize of bread" and ordain the price at which the baker should sell his loaves and the weights of which they should be made, and it would see that he put no alum therein; it had an ale-taster who visited the hostels and breweries to see that the ale was wholesome and good; and, in a similar way, it had an eye on other vendors of produce. If any one forestalled the market, or spread rumours to raise prices, or made provisions scarce, heavy was his punishment indeed. If a butcher

conspired with others to sell meat at a particular price—alas! for the days of old—he was fined 10*l.* for the first offence, 20*l.* for the second, and 40*l.* for the third, and was held as an infamous man, and was discredited thenceforth in courts of justice. In other directions the Court Leet had jurisdiction in sumptuary matters, and prescribed the apparel for men of various conditions; it saw that they shot well with the long-bow; it kept the public peace, and laid hands on rioters, tipplers in alehouses, and night-prowlers; and it had control of waifs and strays. It could not, however, usually punish, except with pecuniary fines, though it had the tumbrel, for the stocks were looked upon as an implement of detention. The “Methodically Learned Kitchen” is careful to tell us that it could inquire into and present many offences which were handed over to other Courts to punish. But the making of by-laws for the repair of roads and bridges and other such matters was an important function.

The Manor of Wakefield, whose Leet has led us to make these remarks, is an excellent example of such a jurisdiction, and it has been an important manor too, for its precincts are almost equal in extent to a county. Its length is fully thirty miles, and it comprises considerably more than a hundred towns, villages, and hamlets, and eleven large north-country parishes, or parts of parishes, one of them, that of Halifax, one of the largest in England. Its Courts have been held without intermission from Norman times, and earlier no doubt, to the present day, and the court-rolls, from the year 1272 to 1885, with no very important breaks, are carefully preserved in a special place, on iron racks, in its capital town of Wakefield still. A cursory inspection of these valuable muniments will show that the manor exercised most of the rights indicated by Kitchen. Thus in 1298 it gave a licence to build a bakehouse; in 1311 it amerced a man for selling bread without weighing it; a little later (1314) a man was fined for selling ale without the taster’s permission, and again (1324) a number of people suffered for selling flour mixed with dust. Later, in 1452 and 1463, the millers were punished for taking excessive mulcture; in 1508 two men were fined for not allowing the taster to judge the quality of their ale, and in 1515 there was a punishment of one who refused to sell beer to the poor. With regard to the peace of the male community, it may be said that in 1312 a woman was amerced for drawing blood with her nails, and that a scold was presented at the court in 1495. In 1308 the Leet made a by-law that the Abbot of Fountains should repair Bradley Bridge; and six years later he was distrained on and thirteen horses taken for neglecting to do so, and he was again fined in 1336. Other interesting by-laws made by the Leet were, in 1450, that there should be no “playes at speres” after nine in the evening, and, in 1476, that no inhabitant of Halifax parish should carry an unreasonable weapon, such as a sword, an axe, a bill, or a spear—both evidences of very troublous times. In these matters we see the Leet acting for the good of the community in punishing those who offended it; but, when the lords of the manor, the Earls of Warren—of whom we have not space to speak here—were wronged, it punished the offenders also. Thus, before the year 1300, it dealt with certain crimes in the lord’s forest of Sowerbyshire in the parish of Halifax, where one of the foresters was wounded, and the offenders were fined and compelled to find sureties in case the man died before the Earl arrived; and there were also attachments for other offences in the forest. Again, in 1326 the Leet decided that the Prior of Lewes, in Sussex, who held the “sub-manor” of Halifax, was bound to entertain the steward and bailiffs of Earl Warren, when they came twice a year to attend the court, and he was to find necessaries for them and their horses as long as they stayed. These are but stray typical instances taken from the Wakefield rolls, but they illustrate, from actual examples, the nature of the work of the Court Leet. Such of the ancient duties of the Leet as are not extinct have now passed, with but trifling exceptions, to other tribunals; yet the ancient forms survive in some places as pleasant and interesting memorials of local government and primitive jurisprudence.

NO VOTE, NO DINNER.

SWEET is revenge upon a foe,
But sweeter still upon a friend!
Those dinner-cards—they must not go;
No invitations shall I send.
Burn—burn them, Secretary mine,
I will not ask those sneaks to dine.

What? Shall the Whigs who traitor-wise
Have marred my plans, and threatened Me,
Rub their weak knees in festive guise
Beneath their chief’s mahogany?
Eat of my venison, drink my wine?
Never! With me they shall not dine.

Can I, I ask, take bite or sup
With recreant Dukes “upon the bolt”?
Who do their best to trip me up
By letters stirring to revolt?
Not I! Such mockery I decline;
I cannot ask those Dukes to dine.

Could I endure a banquet-board
Where Rip van Winkle should make one;
While over against that half-waked lord
Grinned the Egyptian Skeleton?

No! No! (*shudders*) Avaunt the ill-omened sign!
With Rip and Him I could not dine.

Besides, they scorned the earlier feast
At which I asked them to assist,
Or thwarted my desire, at least,
To carve—the Empire—as I list.
One wrote—one only—from the Tyne
To say he’d, greatly daring, dine.

And shall I entertain them, then,
Who will not entertain my case
Of wrong and exile? feed the men
Who leave me hungering for my place?
If for my ends they can’t combine
I shan’t conspire with them to dine.

Let H—rt—ngt—n, who seems to strive
Just now to push me from my seat,
Receiving deputations five
Whom I have just refused to meet—
Let H—rt—ngt—n, if that’s his line,
Ask those whom he would lead to dine.

No! with my son beloved and proved,
With him alone I dine to-day,
And when the cloth has been removed
We will at “revelations” play.
He shall my Irish views define
As though to guests with whom we dine.

Then when the guileless youth has done,
I, who sat mute, will slowly rise
And swear these statements of my son
Are just so many arrant l—s.
And let our guests the truth divine,
These guests we make believe to dine.

’Twere every way far better so—
To more amusement it will tend.
These dinner-cards—they must not go,
No invitations shall I send.
Burn—burn them, Secretary mine,
I will not ask those sneaks to dine.

REVIEWS.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN DICTIONARY.*

A STORY was current about forty years ago of a subaltern who much perplexed his relatives at a quiet country vicarage by writing from an Indian cantonment that he had gone out with others, *bare fajn*, had had a capital *dour* over the *maidan*, and had *married* two *Surs*. Translated into English this merely meant that the writer and his friends had gone out early in the morning, and, after an exciting chase over the plain, had speared two wild hogs. It is impossible to take up an Indian newspaper or Blue Book even in these more enlightened days without finding some phrase, title, or custom, which is transplanted bodily into a narrative otherwise written in very good English, without any attempt at explanation. Sometimes this arises from sheer carelessness and want of inclination to take trouble, but quite as often because the English language has no one word which exactly expresses the Oriental term, or because the said term means different things in different parts of India, or because, like a brief text or the answer of a Grecian oracle, it needs a dissertation to make its meaning plain. Mr. Whitworth has served for some fifteen years in the Presidency of Bombay, and his original idea was to make a collection of such Anglo-Indian terms as were essential to any one who either had to begin a strange work in any part of India or to discuss Oriental topics from a desk or lecture-room in England. But in effect his compilation goes far beyond his first design. It is, of course, less bulky than the Glossary of the late H. H. Wilson, and it is not intended to supply the place of the usual dictionary or vocabulary, such, for instance, as was published by the late Mr. Duncan Forbes. But no one can turn over a dozen pages of this work without lighting on names and phrases which are far from being current in Anglo-Indian society of the purest official type, which require for their elucidation more than an elementary knowledge of Sanskrit or Arabic or both languages, and which, if intelligible to a Collector in Tellichery or Coimbatore, would have no meaning at all for a Settlement Officer in the Punjab. We have, however, no fault to find with this very natural process of evolution. The book is not too bulky. The use of the Roman character facilitates its comprehension to beginners; and we are not inclined to quarrel with the editor’s system of transliteration in the main, though we object to his employment of the letter *w* in Sanskrit, where it does not exist. The Boden Professor is much more likely to be correct when “he always uses the letter *v*” for Sanskrit and leaves *w* to words

* *An Anglo-Indian Dictionary: a Glossary of such Indian Terms used in English, and such English or other non-Indian Terms as have obtained special meanings in India.* By George Clifford Whitworth, Bombay Civil Service, Fellow of the University of Bombay. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

of Semitic origin. Nor, again, should any reader be in a hurry to blame Mr. Whitworth because he fails to find in the Glossary some particular expression, title, caste, and revenue and agricultural term which had much exercised him during the discussions on the Inam Commission in Bombay and the happily-ended Bengal Tenancy Act on the other side of India. But every now and then Mr. Whitworth says too little. Sometimes his explanations are absolutely erroneous as well as defective. Occasionally he is vague and indefinite. On the other hand, some of his notes, for accuracy and conciseness, could hardly be improved. He hits off the effect of a custom, the meaning of a title, social or official, or the peculiarities of a caste in a few lines, with both neatness and fidelity. Without going to his columns for the mere detection of mistakes or imperfections, we shall select specimens to illustrate each of the above remarks.

The Zemindar, who by this time ought to be as familiar as the crofter to any average reader, is explained with sufficient accuracy so far as he represents a landholder under the Perpetual Settlement of Bengal. But either Mr. Whitworth has no friends or trusted correspondents in the North-West Provinces, or he has not even an elementary knowledge of what is called a Zemindari tenure in Upper India. All he can tell us is that in the Punjab the term Zemindar is used as equivalent to Ryot. Now it is by no means sufficient to tell an inquirer into the perplexing varieties of land tenures in India that the Zemindar is generally a very big man in Behar and Bengal, and a very small man in the Doab of Hindustan. Here is what a very high authority on the subject of Zemindari tenures in the Punjab and the North-West Provinces has to say on this thorny subject. When the land of a village is held by one man, or by one family or one society of individuals, in joint tenancy, without any territorial subdivision of their interests beyond, say, a small amount of garden land; and when all the rents are collected and thrown into one common fund; and when, after payment of the Government revenue and the village expenses, the remainder is distributed amongst the shareholders of the village in proportion to their shares, then the tenure is called Zemindari, and each shareholder would be known as a Zemindar. A shorter definition might be:—"Land held by an individual or in joint tenancy without any territorial division, the profits being divided according to the ancestral shares, but the management being in common." Then we turned to the word "Pattidari" to see if Mr. Whitworth explained how the land might cease to be held in Zemindari tenure and what is meant by Pattidari; but he does not seem to have a clear notion of the distinction between perfect and imperfect Pattidari or of the Bhyachara tenure. The same high authority alluded to above tells us specially that when a legal partition has taken place, and the shares are represented by an amount of land exactly corresponding to the ancestral shares, the estate becomes Pattidari. And again, whenever, by process of time and other disturbing causes, all trace of the ancestral share has been effaced, and the interest of each shareholder is represented by his actual holding without reference to the family tree; in that case the tenure is known as Bhaichara or Bhyachara; in English legal phraseology "coparcenary tenure in severalty." It would have not required more than one half-column of print to make these essential distinctions tolerably clear, though much more might be said. Purbia is very inadequately explained as a man from the Eastern part of Bengal, and Mr. Whitworth employs the term "Bengal" and "Bengali" in the most elastic, inaccurate, and indefinite fashion. A Purbia is usually a native soldier from the eastern parts of the North-West Provinces, and the word is commonly used in contradistinction to Sikhs and Mahomedans from the Punjab. Of Purbia he says that the annual settlement of the revenue in Bengal used to be called by this name. Mr. Whitworth may be surprised to learn that the term is in use to this hour. As between the Zemindar and his Ryots and not the Zemindar and the Government, it means the day when the tenants present themselves with their first instalment of rent, or at any rate with an acknowledgment of their liability to the great man or his agent. This ceremony takes place about June, no instalments of rent being paid in May and April. The Rarhi or Radhiya and the Varendra Brahmans of Bengal are very imperfectly described as branches of the Gaura Brahmans. The former originally were settled in Burdwan and the districts on the west of the Ganges, and the Varendra Brahmans lived on the northern or left bank. They both came from Kanauj some eight or ten centuries ago. There are five clans or *gentes* of the Rarhis and ten of the Varendra Brahmans; but the former are emphatically the Kulins or high caste of Bengal. Of course at this day Mukarji and Chatterji, and others who are Rarhi Kulins, may be found in any parts of Bengal, just as Bagchi (not Bagdi) and Digshit, who are Varendras, have spread everywhere. Bose "is not a mere adjunct to names borne by families of the Kayast or writer caste." Ghose, Bose, and Mitra are the three Kulin or leading clans of that wide and useful caste. Of Mitra the editor says nothing, and as to Ghose he is equally vague. Fortunately, the average elector has lately had an opportunity of knowing all about Mr. Ghose, as he is called, his patriotism, powers of speech, magnificent political panaceas, and valuable contributions to the stock of social and religious freedom. Of the word *Shigram* it may be said, as Macaulay said of the poet Martial and the right quantity of the second syllable of Porsena, that Mr. Whitworth must have heard it "a hundred times" before he left Bombay to begin his duties for the interior. But why did he not add to his correct description of this vehicle that it is

merely the Sanskrit word for "quickly," just as the lumbering French coach was called a diligence? *Siwai* is correctly given as a title—it might be said a nickname—of the Maharaja of Jaipur. But here, too, why not add that it was originally bestowed on a Maharaja of that Principality who flourished in the last century, and was known as Siwai Jai Sing; that is to say, a chief who was a man and a quarter, or, as we should put it, a man and a half? *Thal* is a sandy tract or desert in the Punjab and in the Bombay Presidency. But it is only the Sanskrit *athalam*, dry ground as contrasted with *jalam*, water. *Gentoo* is a word often met with in old travels and reports of the last century, when the first English residents in Bengal and Bombay used to talk of Hindus as Gentooes and of Mahomedans as Moors or Moormen. Both terms are obsolete in India now, though the latter is in use in Ceylon. *Gentoo* Mr. Whitworth derives from the Portuguese *gentio*, a gentile, a heathen; and it may well have got into Anglo-Indian parlance through the followers of Albuquerque. There is no native word out of which it could be got except *jantu*, Sanskrit for living being or animal; and we certainly prefer the Portuguese derivation. Surely Mr. Whitworth is in error in putting down the Persian *toman* as equivalent to fifteen dollars and a half. For aught we know, this coin may be considered as, say, worth twenty rupees in Afghanistan. But in the late Professor Palmer's Persian Dictionary and in other works about Persia, the *tuman* is set down as a gold coin only worth about ten shillings. This coin, it need hardly be added, is nowhere current in India. The gold *mohr* or *more*—Thackeray's Mr. Goldmore—is worth about fifteen rupees, but it is used only by merchants and travellers, who carry it about for convenience and sell it for its price in the market, or by obese Rajas who weigh themselves on birthdays against a heap of these coins. The universal word *compound* is correctly set down as a corruption of the Portuguese *campana*. The compound of the Judge or Commissioner or Commandant of the Station is usually very large. It is not identical with a garden or shrubbery. It may comprise vegetable and flower garden, a paddock, stables and out-offices, a lawn-tennis or croquet ground, and, in one or two instances, a private training-place or miniature racecourse for horses. To the word "tank" it is very properly added that these reservoirs may be of any size, from a small pond nearly dry in the hot season to a reservoir worthy of the title of a lake. In Madras and in parts of Bengal tanks may be acres in extent. We know of several more than a quarter of a mile in length, and broad and deep in proportion. But they were dug to give work in bad times, and a plentiful supply of good water in all times, by the orders of Rajas and Nawabs now deceased, who have left no imitators. In the discussions on Lord Ripon's marvellous self-government measure it was shown clearly that Zemindars of the present day allowed old works of this kind to fall into disrepair and constructed no new ones. The very common terms *Qui hai* or *Koi hai*, *Bombay Duck*, and *Boi*, in use in Bengal, Bombay, and Madras respectively, are concisely and well explained. But who could have informed Mr. Whitworth that a Caranchie or Kiranchi was a kind of carriage used by natives in Calcutta? Alas! for those who pine after the good old times, this venerated vehicle is no longer to be seen except in the lumber-yard of some suburban residence in Bhowanipore or Circular Road. It has been replaced by the ordinary *Dum Dumer* or *Palki* carriage ever since the year 1856. It had no windows or cushions; its wheels always circulated on the loosest of axles and at different angles to each other. It is as much out of date at Calcutta as the old hackney coach with wet straw inside and the cab of which the driver's seat was suspended over the right wheel, is with us in England.

Mr. Whitworth tells us that there are three dialects spoken in Scinde; the Lari of Lower Scindi, the Siraiiki, spoken north of Hyderabad; and the Thareli, the language of the desert. Mr. R. N. Cust, in his extremely useful *Modern Languages of the East Indies*, explains that there are no less than seven varieties of the Scindi language in addition to the standard form in use at and near Kurrachi. It is fair to add that in these seven dialects Mr. Cust includes parts of Biluchistan, and where Brahui, not to be confounded with Baluchi, is current. That the Buddhist term Vihara, a monastery, has given its name to the Province of Behar, is well known, though Mr. Whitworth does not remind us of this. *Thakur* is well explained as meaning several things. *Thakur* is a deity, an idol, a Brahmin, a Rajput chief. And it has been corrupted in Bengal into Tagore. More than a generation has passed since one of the most eminent of this clan, the late Dwarkanath Tagore, came to England with his nephew Chandra Mohan Chaturji. With the exception of Ram Mohun Rai, these gentlemen were the first Hindus who ever crossed the dark water and despised the threats of their caste-ridden brethren. Dwarkanath's nephew, we are glad to say, still survives him, and a very fine picture of Dwarkanath himself adorns the walls of the Oriental Club. Mr. Whitworth, we should repeat, is more at home in terms common to the west and southern parts of India than elsewhere. He seems to have little acquaintance by reading or correspondence with the North-West Provinces and Upper India. He says, for instance, that Pandi is a common name amongst English soldiers for the rebels in the Indian Mutiny, and that they were so called from one Mangal Pande, a ringleader. This has a slight element of truth in it, but it is very misleading and inadequate. Certainly one Mangal Pande did break out into rebellion, a little too soon for his comrades, at Barrackpore in March 1857, and tried to shoot his superior officers, for which he was hanged. But Pandé or Panre, Chobé and Dhubé, are simply castes of

Brahmins, prevalent in Upper India. The Bengal army has always been largely recruited from these castes. It was full of Panres or Pandys long before the Mutiny. Mr. Whitworth does not seem to have even heard of Pandé's colleagues and associates, *Chobé* and *Dhobé*, though he does explain *Misir*, another Brahmanical clan. Mr. Whitworth's glossary is well designed, well printed, and handy for Indian residents, whether of the officials or independent classes; and all we can wish is that he may have an opportunity of remedying divers palpable errors and supplying defects in some second edition at some future time.

NOVELS AND TALES.*

WHEN the days are short, and there is an hour or two to be disposed of indoors before dressing-time, one is glad to be able to recommend a good and amusing novel. In a *Grass Country* may be said to come under this description, and, although we should point out a few faults if we were to devote a whole article to its elaborate dissection, we shall do little else than praise it in a short and general review. The best portions of *In a Grass Country* describe the adventures of three brothers and a sister, who, on finding themselves at an early age orphans and possessed of seven hundred a year apiece, clubbed together, took a large stable with a number of dwelling-rooms over it "in a grass country," bought ten hunters and a pony and trap, and settled down to enjoy themselves. The extraordinary escapades of this most casual family are most amusing, and the scenes at Miswall Lodge, commonly known as "Misrule," are some of the best in the book. The hero is a country squire, and, after entangling himself with a fisherman's daughter and offering his heart and his hand to the daughter of a peer, he falls in love with Eve, the youthful mistress of "Misrule" Lodge. The M.F.H. of the country is in love with the peer's daughter, and, as the hero has fallen in love with Eve, this is much to the purpose. Then there is a "grass-widow" who loves one of Eve's brothers, and this brother loves the "grass-widow's" governess, all of which helps to keep the fun going. The novel, however, is not all fun, for the author is guilty of a horrible piece of butchery towards the end of the last volume, and, as it is wholly unnecessary for the development of the plot, it is the more inexcusable. Those who like to cry over a novel will here have an opportunity. We admit that we cried over the book, but we cried from laughing, and the tragedy only vexed us. In reviewing a former novel by Mrs. Lovett Cameron, we observed that her estimate of men, and of husbands in particular, was a low one. She does not appear to have improved in this respect, and, if possible, she seems to think even worse of us than she did before. Men, according to her, may be pleasant fellows, but nothing more. The character of Little Tom is attractive, but he is merely an amusing, kind-hearted, and unselfish brother; what he would have been if tried in a love affair we have no opportunity of judging. The hero himself acts in a manner that is neither heroic nor virtuous, and several of the other male characters behave selfishly or dishonourably.

It is evident that the author of *Dorothy Drake* has one qualification of the highest importance in the writer of a book—namely, a thorough knowledge of his subject. The subject in this case is life in an out-of-the-way country town. This novel reminds us of one of those popular pictures which are full of homely and realistic details, every inch of the canvas being evenly crowded with objects faithfully painted from life. There are children playing with kittens, or dogs eating bones, to the very corners of the foregrounds, and the very skies are furnished to the utmost limit with rainbows, clouds, falling showers, and flights of birds. Such pictures are always applauded by the crowd on account of their "naturalness." Now Mr. Frederick H. Moore's work is very natural, and we most willingly offer our tribute of praise to its virtues as far as they go; yet we should not look upon ourselves as philanthropists if we were indiscriminately to recommend everybody to read *Dorothy Drake*. To some people the details are likely to be exceedingly tedious, and to others the effort of memory required to remember "who's who" among the crowd of townspeople introduced in the course of the story may prove too great a strain. Those, again, who are fond of light and shade will not find their tastes gratified, and although it turns out near the end of the novel that, after all, there is a plot, it is sprung upon the reader too late and too tamely to create much interest. A couple of volumes seems a great deal to fill with the humdrum life of a dull country town, yet there seems to be no special reason to have prevented the author from thus filling twenty, if he were so minded. If the vicar called on the old ladies fifty times, as we think he must have done in *Dorothy Drake*, why should he

not have done so five hundred times, or five thousand times, for that matter? We venture to suggest that the author might find better names for the characters in his next novel. Neither Higstaff, Rybus, Plumme, Trimsdyke, nor Colpyper are happy examples of name-coining.

In *For Lilies* we have another quiet country novel. Here again are endless calls on this little neighbour and on that little neighbour, perpetual chatter chatter, and endless talkee talkee. As in the novel last noticed, much of it is "natural," some of it very natural. Good work of its kind there is in plenty, but the whole is weary reading, and the man who could read it from end to end without skipping would indeed be a model of patience and perseverance. We say the man advisedly, for there are some women who would, we fancy, revel in a book of this kind. The reader is made to stay for weeks at a dull country-house, the life at which is described with a provoking fidelity to nature. How we envied a certain Mr. Frere when he packed up his portmanteau and drove off to catch a train for London! Not that we should have cared to travel with him. Indeed, the dull house was a little more tolerable after he had gone away. Throughout the book he is constantly appearing—by the way, he is the hero—and he is an intolerable bore. He again is very "natural"; we know the creature well in real life, and his portrait is admirably drawn, but he is too fond of trying to be funny and of moralizing. A day or two before he left the country-house in question he talked model lodging-houses during the early part of breakfast; "then he strayed a little to the subject of poor-laws," and finally he gave a dissertation on the phonetic structure of language, observing "that in the phonetic structure of a language there is an immense disadvantage and difficulty. The varying powers of English characters, for example, would produce abundant confusion, and the vocalism of the Cumbrian dialects gives us a striking phenomena." Such is the hero! Then we have a great deal about a strong-minded young woman, short-sighted materially, but "with far-sighted views of life," who took Hebrew lessons "secretly from the Vicar." As to the plot, it is very simple. A nurse had charge of two babies, her own—a plebeian, and another—a patrician, and like the nurse in the well-known epic poem, "she took those children and mixed them up." The rest may be easily imagined.

The Peri is translated, and well translated, from the German of Clara Dressel by Mr. George Douglas. There are two heroes and two heroines, and in the intermingling of these heroes and heroines lies the interest of the story. One pair are aristocrats and the other pair are artists. The Count and Countess are betrothed to each other, but each falls in love with an artist. Some collusion between the parties follows, and at last they all get sorted to their mutual satisfaction. The book is called *The Peri* because the artist-heroine models a Peri, and concerning this Peri there is some romantic rubbish. Either the author or the translator is a little hazy about sculpture. When the heroine rests from modelling with a chisel, she throws a damp cloth over her work. Damp cloths, as we thought everybody knew, are not thrown over marble, but over clay models. If the artist were working on clay, she would not use a chisel; and, if she were working on marble, she would not use a damp cloth. The story is pretty enough; but the novel, although only in one volume and large print, is as much spun out as many in three volumes.

The *Social Experiment* described in the smart little American story bearing that title consists in introducing to society a washer-woman's daughter, who has come to a family as nursery governess. Unfortunately, before she went to "her place," she had been privately married to a rough country swain; and when he appears upon the scene a year or two after she has been turned into a quasi-lady, she tells him bluntly that she could never be happy with him. He goes away, not in anger, but in sadness, declaring that he will not force himself upon her. Soon afterwards she is seized with a fit of repentance, and although she loathes the man, she returns like a prodigal to the cottage of her husband. There she finds—not her husband, but his virago of a mother, from whom she hears some plainspoken truths. Eventually the son returns, and the heroine faints at the sight. The excellent man then behaves in a manner beyond all praise. He warmly welcomes his wife, and proposes that she should live with him and his mother, but only as the "little sister" that he used to call her when they were both children. This brother and sister arrangement goes on for some time, and the wife gradually falls in love with her husband, until she at last proposes that he should take her to a home which he had prepared for her long ago. All this is very prettily told; but now, according to our lights, the author makes a blunder by killing the heroine. If a sacrifice was necessary, which we much doubt, why not have killed the mother-in-law, or even the husband, who was much too good to live? Nevertheless *A Social Experiment* is a well-written novelette, and it is, as the saying goes, "delightfully American."

In Peril and Privation is one of those books which may be recommended to boys, and against which adults will scarcely require much warning. The seventeen illustrations, seven of which are of shipwrecks, will alone be sufficient to amuse many a lad for at least a quarter of an hour, and the fearful sufferings of shipwrecked mariners will cause much mouth-opening during the Christmas holidays. The most entertaining of the pictures is one which represents a "good chaplain, who administered absolution (the last rite of the Catholic Church)" in a pair of white Geneva bands, and much after the manner of an Anglican bishop when

* *In a Grass Country: a Story of Love and Sport.* By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

Dorothy Drake. By Frederick H. Moore. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

For Lilies. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

The Peri. By Clara Dressel. Translated from the German by George Douglas. Aug. Siegle.

A Social Experiment. By A. E. P. Searing. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In Peril and Privation: Stories of Marine Disaster. Retold by James Payn. With 17 illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus.

giving confirmation. Boys are not likely to be so hypercritical as to object to these "stories of marine disaster retold" as a piece of rather moderate bookmaking, so, on the whole, the volume may be recommended as a Christmas present for lads under sixteen.

SAINTSBURY'S DRYDEN.—VOLS. XI. AND XII.*

ALTHOUGH, with the exception of three famous odes, the new volumes of Mr. Saintsbury's edition of Scott's Dryden contain no original poems of surpassing merit by the master's hand, there are few divisions of his works in which his rigour and versatility stand forth more splendidly conspicuous. In connexion with the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, which Pope had perhaps on the whole have better not striven to emulate, and of which, by the way, "Granville the Polite" plagiarized the opening in the same opera in which he appropriated a doubtful cadence from Pope's counterpart, we learn from Mr. Saintsbury a fact not noted by Scott or Christie. Against a stanza towards the close of the *Færie Queene* (in the second of the so-called *Cantos of Mutabilitie*), which refers to the bridal of Pelus and Thetis and the "spousall hymne" sung there by Phœbus Apollo himself, Dryden has in his copy of the poem, preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, written the words, "Groundwork for a Song on Cecilia's Day." We may thence infer that he contemplated yet a third treatment for the recurring November festival of the theme which has suggested his two most superb "occasional" efforts. On *Alexander's Feast* Dryden's present editor, with wise frugality, refrains from offering any general criticism; but with regard to the elegy on Anne Killigrew, or rather to its earlier part, he "ventures to say ditto to Dr. Johnson," and we venture to say ditto to Mr. Saintsbury. It is surely more than a coincidence that this magnificent poem should contain the most solemn confession ever made by Dryden of his delinquencies as an author, for nowhere is the consciousness stronger upon him of the sacredness of his art. Among the other lyrics we had looked for some of the hymns which Mr. Saintsbury considers to be probably Dryden's; but for these we are to wait till the publication of the Appendix. On the whole, this seems the more prudent method of arrangement, though on the same principle, or rather *à fortiori*, the more than doubtful song "Farewell, fair Armida" ought to have been excluded from the author's text.

The eleventh volume of the Scott-Saintsbury edition opens with the *Epistles*, which range over a period of half a century or thereabouts, and might thus not inappropriately serve to illustrate in small the development of Dryden's style. They comprise, however, only a few pieces of great literary or biographical interest. The seventh *Epistle*, properly speaking a prologue, has all the buoyancy of the conservative reaction which it was written to celebrate, but suggests the likelihood of a consequence which actually seems to have ensued—namely, that in time such praises of the Duke and Duchess of York would prove the reverse of agreeable to the King. The ninth, now shown by Mr. Saintsbury, with the help of Mr. Gosse's researches, to have been written in 1686, is in manner as in metre unique among Dryden's occasional pieces. The Hudibrastic fits him but as a coat of frieze, nor is the coarseness of some of the diplomatic banter in which he strove to outdo "gentle George" less marked than the wittiness of other touches. One may note, in passing, how thoroughly King Charles and his Minister-Resident at Ratisbon were in accord concerning the relative claims of two of the *passé-temps* bracketed together in the song which Doctor Luther sang; and again, more especially on comparing the tenth *Epistle*, with how genuine a hatred of the dramatic species called farce the Duke of Buckingham and his coadjutors had contrived to inspire the poet-laureate. Of the subsequent *Epistles* the twelfth well deserves the epithet of "admirable" bestowed upon it by Scott; it bears, perhaps, the most noteworthy testimony to Dryden's absolute freedom from that envy which too often possesses leaders as well as subalterns in the world of letters. And yet, though Dryden could recognize the merits of a Granville or a Southerne as well as those of a Congreve, how nicely does he discriminate in the measure, and even in the overflow, of his praise. Concerning Motteux, for whom in his fourteenth *Epistle* Dryden likewise has a good word, supplying him at the same time with a suitable occasion for a skilful thrust at Jeremy Collier, we should be glad if Mr. Saintsbury had extracted some further information from the source to which he refers. The latest in date among these *epistles* is at the same time the most characteristic; for though among the poet's praises of his country cousin's lot some are forced and others at least extravagant, few of his productions are surely more full of palpable hits. The Mr. John Driden of Chesterton (oddly called in one of Scott's notes the poet's "cousin Chesterton") addressed in this *epistle* was, unless we mistake, the brother of the lady who in earlier days had, either because or in spite of the poet's wish to marry her, described him as "Mr. Conceit"; and possibly the squire and M.P. himself, who contrived to steer his own course pretty deftly through the shoals, may have held no very dissimilar opinion concerning his kinsman, whose most glittering compliments had a double edge. The truth is that, as Dryden confessed in a suppressed passage of his

sixteenth *Epistle* (to Kneller), satire, or at least invective, would have room whate'er he wrote. "They say," he writes rather bitterly much about the same time in the dedication of *Eleonora*, "my talent is satire"; and it had in his later years become so much of second nature to him that he contrived to introduce touches of it even into his translations.

There are few pleasures greater than that of turning over such volumes as these, and we should have liked to add a few comments on the *Elegies and Epitaphs* which follow the *Epistles*, and which are even more "various" than they. The lines *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings*, of which, and of critical remarks on which, every well-regulated mind has long since grown weary, are followed by the magnanimous, but rather overstrained, tribute to Oldham; while after the ode to Anne Killigrew we come almost immediately upon the elegy on *Eleonora*, of which Mr. Saintsbury justly praises the *epiphonema*, but in favour of which, as a whole, he naturally finds nothing to say. Of Dryden's *epitaphs* (unless the lines under Milton's picture be included under the designation) hardly one has obtained a wide popularity; yet several of them have both pregnancy and pathos. We cannot, by the way, trace any connexion between the Margaret Paston, who is the subject of one of the most pleasing of these pieces, and the branch of her family descended in the female line from a mistress of Charles II. The remainder of these volumes, with the exception of the small but very heterogeneous collection of lyrics, is filled by the so-called *Fables* (from Chaucer and Boccaccio) and by the *Translations*. Mr. Saintsbury has, with his usual good sense, abstained from encumbering his reprint of the former by a mass of controversial notes such as might have been appropriate in an edition of Chaucer, in which it is tolerably clear that he would not have been afraid to include *The Flower and the Leaf*. On the other hand, he has substituted the text of Dr. R. Morris for that with which Sir Walter Scott had to content himself. To the *Translations* the new editor has prefixed an admonitory word which cannot be said to be unneeded, although Dryden is in his prefaces and dedications a sufficient exponent of his method, as well as an interesting critic of his authors. Certainly his additions are at times extraordinarily audacious, and at other times amusingly odd, like the rolling-chair and stick which he foists into Ovid's picture of human development (xii. 233), and the parrots which he adds to the gifts of love prepared by Pygmalion for his statue (xii. 133). How gratefully, we may remark in passing, his abundant acknowledgments of the writers who assisted him contrast with the niggardliness of the *translateur* (for Pope, like Dryden, was rather this than a translator) on whom his mantle descended! Perhaps it may be asserted that, when party considerations were not uppermost, the single literary class which Dryden treated ungenerously consisted of the critics of his age. The Dedication of the Third Miscellany, in which there are more than one other points worth noting, contains the *dictum* that "the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic," which Mr. Saintsbury, in remembrance no doubt of other authorities besides Mr. Phœbus, describes as "the best statement extant of a frequently restated idea."

In continuing his arduous task, the new editor of Dryden has consistently adhered to the principles which he first laid down for himself, and which he must frequently have felt to be justified by the very temptation to swerve from them. First, and above all, he has made up his mind to furnish the library of standard English literature with the correctest text possible of Dryden, a task by no means always rendered easier by the fact that Scott had gone before him. With regard to the *Translations* in particular, Mr. Saintsbury observes that, besides occasionally dropping clauses, sentences, and even paragraphs, especially in the prefaces, without any apparent reason, Scott in the text obediently adopted certain emendations suggested by the unco' wise, who had forsooth found out Dryden to be an inaccurate translator. These emendations the new editor has diligently rooted up again, and he deserves cordial thanks for the trouble he has taken. In several other corrections of Scott's text he has been anticipated by the late Mr. Christie, who had an excellent eye; though now and then a manifest blunder escaped it, like that corrected by Mr. Saintsbury, xi. 151. The delightful slip of the "Caledonian" for the "Calydonian" beast is, of course, the poet's own, and irresistibly recalls the "beast of grace" who rules the "Caledonian Wood" in Part I. of *The Hind and the Panther*. By the way, is "frein" in Etherege's lines a misspelling of "Fräulein" or of "Freiin"? In the matter of notes Mr. Saintsbury has, as before, contributed much that is valuable and has scrupulously avoided whatsoever is superfluous. He has been especially careful in his notes on the *Translations* which elucidate the classicisms of phrase (such as "led" for married, "nephews" for descendants) in which Dryden thought himself warranted in indulging; for it is precisely in such matters that editors are too frequently caught asleep. Mr. Saintsbury is equally unrelenting to the Gallicisms of his author, such as "simagree" for "grimace," and "lard" for "bacon." He rightly declines to regard "industrious of the common good" as falling under this head; Shakespeare uses "hope of" and Chaucer "thank of." For the rest, Dryden's Gallicisms are remarkably few in an age when "palatia cœli"—for which, by the way, Ovid amply apologizes—naturally translated itself into "the Louvre of the sky." (Did this piece of impertinence suggest to the author of the *Night Thoughts* the happy thought of calling the moon "fair P—d," i.e. Portland, "of the skies"?) The notes in this edition directing attention to verification are not less useful than those which have reference to diction. We think that the editor was justified in sparing his

* *The Works of John Dryden*. With Notes and Life by Sir Walter Scott. Revised and Corrected by George Saintsbury. Vols. XI. and XII. Edinburgh: William Paterson.

readers the irritation of the abbreviation *th'* for *the*—an abbreviation which is absolutely misleading, inasmuch as Dryden was clearly wrong in supposing the *e* to be elided; it is merely slurred (see the notes to xii. 65 and 68). We observe that Mr. Saintsbury still takes an unaffected pleasure in a "fourteener," especially in the splendid one about Quack Maurus. What, by the way, does he make of the Gallic accentuation xi. 68, where "Cornelle" appears as a trisyllable? Should we, perhaps, read "even Cornelle"? Pope has

Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire.

Mr. Saintsbury is properly shocked at "Fair Iphigénia" (xii. 170); but he has overlooked

Fair Iphigenia was the ladies' care (xi. 500).

The name of Pope reminds us of his debts to Dryden, of which Mr. Saintsbury's new volumes furnish fresh evidence. Johnson's much-quoted

Those who live to please must please to live

likewise seems to have a quasi-original in the lines which at first formed part of the *Epistle to Kneller* :—

Meantime, whilst just encouragement you want,
You only paint to live, not live to paint.

We had marked several notes of various kinds which clear up obscurities in phrase or allusion, and thus facilitate instead of, like so many editorial notes, laboriously arresting the enjoyment of the reader. But as these are not likely to escape the attention of the judicious, we may conclude by pointing out a passage or two where an additional note might perhaps have been allowable. On one occasion (xi. 138) Mr. Saintsbury explains a line which nothing but a momentary obscuration of insight, to which all editors are liable, could have left unintelligible to the late Mr. Christie. Scott's occasional pedantry (see the remark as to the comparison between the influence of Lady Castlemaine and the virtue of Cato, xi. 19) may be left uncensured; though it is surprising to find him construe literally the assertion of Dryden (xi. 210) that "Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body," for which Scott could find no authority in Spenser. Yet Colin in the *Shepherds' Calendar* declares that he "of Tityrus his songs did leze," which is quite enough for the purpose. A slight slip of Scott's (xi. 298), where he explains "shields of Pruce" as of "Prussia," whereas "pruce" or "spruce," as the context would suffice to show, means Prussian leather, might likewise have been rectified. To "commence a saint" (xi. 3) is a technical expression, deriving significance from the fact that it is used by a Cambridge undergraduate. The "articles" through which King Lewis XIV. is described (xi. 42) as "breaking" are those of the Truce of Ratisbon; for it was by seeking to violate these that Lewis brought about the League of Augsburg, concluded in 1686, the very year in which, as Mr. Saintsbury shows, the *Epistle to Etherege* was written. Perhaps, too, "Munster" (xi. 78) will not be identified by all readers. The use of the verb "to abdicate," which occurs in what the editor rightly calls the ill-tempered dedication of the *Translations from the Metamorphoses* to the husband of one of Charles II.'s daughters (xi. 56; Scaliger is said to "abdicate Homer"), must have been first suggested by the process by which James II. was declared to have abdicated what he continued to claim. To end with a trifling point, Mr. Saintsbury tells us authoritatively that "the proper name of the lady whose appellations in print range from Querouailles to Carwell, was Louise Renée de Penancoët de Keroual." M. Forneron, at the beginning of the researches which he has lately felt impelled to publish on the career of "la petite Bretonne qui nous a fait gagner nos Flandres, notre Franche-Comté," states that the way in which her family spelt the name was Keroualle. We allow that the correct spelling of "Madam Carwell's" family name mattered little to the people which she so handsomely pillaged.

THE WIT OF WOMEN.*

MISS KATE SANBORN is a very serious person, who has set herself in downright earnest to demonstrate what needed no demonstration. But arguments, and still more illustrations, are sometimes double-edged. If anything could induce disbelief in the reality of feminine wit, it would be the facetious poetry by various American ladies which Miss Sanborn, with more patriotism than discretion, has seen fit to publish. A deadly determination to be funny pervades this verse. We take the first specimen which offers itself. It is rather above than below the average. The subject is "Wanted a Minister," and the author is Mrs. M. E. W. Skeels :—

Now really wanted a minister,
With religion enough to sustain him,
For the salary's exceedingly small,
And faith alone must maintain him.
He must visit the sick and afflicted,
Must mourn with those that mourn,
Must preach the "funeral sermons"
With a very peculiar turn.
He must preach at the north-west school-house
On every Thursday's eve;
And things too numerous to mention
He must do, and must believe.

* *The Wit of Women*. By Kate Sanborn. London and New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

He must be of careful demeanor,
Both graceful and eloquent too;
Must adjust his cravat "à la mode,"
Wear his beaver, decidedly, so.

The italics are not ours. They apparently mark, or perhaps constitute, the wit.

If Mrs. M. E. W. Skeels is to be taken as representing her country, American humour will come to bear a significance akin to French leave and German silver. It is not surprising, but, on the contrary, suits with reason and the nature of things, that the admirer of Mrs. M. E. W. Skeels should thus think of Miss Austen :—"Even Jane Austen's novels, which strangely retain their hold on the public taste, are tedious to those who dare to think for themselves and forget Macaulay's verdict." Strange, indeed, that an age which can read the poetry of Mrs. M. E. W. Skeels and the prose of Miss Kate Sanborn should bestow a passing thought upon the faded glories of *Pride and Prejudice* or *Mansfield Park*. But there is light on the house-tops. The dawn is at hand. Lucretia P. Hale, and Josephine Pollard, and May Crosby Roper, and Margaret Ettynge (author of "Indignant Polly Wog"), and Mary D. Brine, and Anna A. Gordon, and Metta Victoria Victor, and Lizzie W. Champney, and Charlotte Fiske Bates, and Lucretia Davidson, and Arabella Wilson are already on the horizon. They are all as witty as Mrs. M. E. W. Skeels. They are all coming, in the exquisite language of Miss Sanborn's "Proem," "coming to the rescue, just a hundred strong, with fun and pun and epigram, and laughter, wit and song." And where will Miss Austen be then, poor thing? The humour of Hannah More is more to Miss Sanborn's taste, and the holy Hannah is complimented on being able to "hold her own with the Ursa Major of literature." Whether Mrs. Sigourney possessed a sense of humour is perhaps not now worth discussing. The fact that she received some amusingly impudent requests scarcely proves the affirmative. It is worth knowing, however, that she was once asked "to punctuate a three-volume novel for an author who complained that the work of punctuating always brought on a pain in the small of his back." The idea of doing it as he went along does not seem to have occurred to this erudite person. Genius sometimes puffs up, and we regret to say that "Phoebe Cary," whose powers of repartee are certified by the great Mr. Barnum himself, has been bold and bad enough to write a parody of "Maud Muller," the masterpiece of Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier. This almost brings the tears into Miss Sanborn's eyes. She apparently does not know of Mr. Bret Harte's attempt in the same direction. As for Miss Cary's performance, she has "never fancied" it. "It seems almost wicked to burlesque anything so perfect." Mr. John G. Whittier is evidently, in Miss Sanborn's estimation, the great American people's great American poet. Miss Sanborn's chapter on feminine authors of comedies would be enriched if she had seen *The Belle's Stratagem* or heard of Mrs. Cowley. We should like to part on friendly terms with Miss Sanborn, whose intentions are excellent, whatever may be thought of the way in which she has carried them out. She does not, indeed, seem to consider Mrs. Norton a witty woman. She has not realized that wit is wit in both sexes, and that "the wit of women" is as much a paradox as Mr. Barnard's "repartee to an Abbé." But she has collected some really good stories, of which one of the best is the excuse of a young lady for not more frequently attending the Lenten discourses of a famous preacher. "Dr. —," said she, "is on such excellent terms with the Almighty that I felt *de trop*." And, to say nothing of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, there is real humour in the writings of Miss Murfree, author of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, who calls herself "Charles Egbert Craddock," and from whom Miss Sanborn quotes a characteristic passage.

THE GROWTH OF THE HOMERIC POEMS.*

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY is understood to have a wide and minute knowledge of German literature about the Homeric question. The Professor also, it is well known, has a horror of the crying sin of plagiarism. It may be found a little difficult to reconcile these gifts and virtues with certain circumstances in Mr. Wilkins's book, *The Growth of the Homeric Poems*. Mr. Wilkins acknowledges his debt to the learned Dublin Professor "for many valuable suggestions while the sheets were passing through the Press," and it may not be unfair to suppose that the sheets were read by Professor Mahaffy. But if he did read them, and if, having read, he approved, there must either be a great lacuna in his knowledge of German works on Homer, or his theory of how much one author may owe to another without specific acknowledgment must be less rigorous than of old. A large portion of Mr. Wilkins's volume may be called a free Irish translation, or adaptation, of Niese's *Die Entwicklung der Homerischen Poesie* (Berlin, 1882), and yet it does not appear to us that Mr. Wilkins has declared his obligations to Niese with very explicit gratitude. It would seem, then, either that Professor Mahaffy has not read the sheets (which is quite possible), or that he is ignorant of Niese, or that, after all, he is more generous in permitting the license of unacknowledged adaptation than we had believed.

* *The Growth of the Homeric Poems*. By George Wilkins, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

Mr. Wilkins announces his intention of presenting English readers with "the main results of German criticism of the Homeric poems so far as it is sound and trustworthy." The German literature of the question "has become quite an ocean," he says, but in that ocean he lets himself be chiefly rocked on the crest of a single wave—Niese's book. He next offers a brief introduction as to the desirableness of facing doubts concerning Homer, and produces a few remarks on the probable condition of Greek epic verse before "the Mighty One," "who laboured and into whose labours lesser men entered." Then we have a very brief account of the sceptical predecessors of Wolf, or of some of them, with a short sketch of Wolf's own industry, and some jottings on Aristarchus, Lehrs, Zenodotus, Lachmann, and Kirchhoff. A sneer is thrown in at the comparative method of people who study the Epics side by side with other early national poems, the *Kalevala*, the *Nibelungen-Lied*, the *Edda*, and the *Chansons de Geste*. Why the conditions that produced the national and tribal poetry of the world should not be compared with the conditions under which the Greek epics were developed does not appear. Mr. Wilkins merely styles the comparative principle "no other than that of *obscurum per obscurum*."

We have now reached p. 66, and now begin a series of what we feel disposed to regard as adaptations from Niese.

"The Homeric poems were produced and orally preserved by bards, of whom we find idealized pictures in the *Odyssey*" (p. 67). "Es ist kein Zweifel, dass der Sänger in der *Odyssee* . . . das idealisirte Bild des Dichters selbst ist" (Niese, p. 11). "Once, and once only, do we read of any one not a bard by profession singing such lays, and that person is no less than Achilles," &c. (I. 186). "Nur einmal wird in der *Ilias* (I. 186) erzählt, dass Achilles" &c. (N. p. 12). In Mr. Wilkins's p. 68 are debts to Niese. The Bard "is not represented as singing for the whole people, but only for a select audience of chiefs and nobles." "Der Sänger bei Homer singt auch nicht für das ganze Volk, sondern für eine auserlesene Gesellschaft der Vornehmsten." Lower on Mr. Wilkins's page comes "yet all these scholars are right in agreeing that the poems in their present state are not the work of one poet, but contain many subsequent additions." "These scholars" are Nitzsch, Grote, and Lachmann, about whom Niese says as much "über einen Punkt" &c. at the top of his p. 23. On p. 70 we have remarks parously like those of Niese (p. 29). "Similarly in the *Nostoi* of Hagias of Troezen, the story of Menelaus' wanderings is probably copied from the fourth book of the *Odyssey*." "Die Geschichte der Irrfahrten des Menelaos, die sich in den *Nosten* des Hagias von Troezen befand, ist ohne Zweifel aus dem 4. Buche der *Odyssee* genommen," where Niese refers to Kirchhoff and Welcker, from whom, perhaps, Mr. Wilkins also derived his lore about Hagias of Troezen. In the next paragraph Mr. Wilkins makes a jump, if this hypothesis of ours be sound, from Niese, p. 29, to Niese, p. 33. He is talking of Achilles's presentiment of death "vaguely represented at one time (Φ. 112), at another more definite (Φ. 277), till at last (X. 359) the dying Hector speaks with prophetic clearness:—*"Dann sagt Achill (Φ. 112)—here follows, as in Mr. Wilkins, the Greek—'womit er selbst die Todesart nur allgemein als eine gewaltsame bezeichnet. Etwas bestimmter drückt sich eine andere Stelle desselben Buches aus (Φ. 277). . . . Endlich erscheint (X. 359) im Munde des sterbenden Hector eine nähere Bestimmung.*" From these passages Mr. Wilkins and Niese then draw the same conclusion, that the variations are introduced "to meet the exigencies of the moment for poetical effect"—"nach der Beschaffenheit des Momentes."

Mr. Wilkins next (p. 71) thinks it well to give "further instances" to prove his point. Oddly enough Niese gives the same instances (p. 35). Here are Mr. Wilkins's ancient instances:—A. 100, 431, 366, 392. T. 60. β. 690. Z. 395. Here are Niese's:—A. 100, 431, 366, 392. T. 60. β. 690. Z. 395. Remarkable coincidence of research and of inference! Again, on p. 71, Mr. Wilkins brings some evidence from the *Odyssey*. The same evidence has occurred to the memory of Niese, and is given at the foot of his p. 36. On Mr. Wilkins's p. 72 we find that the Irish intellect has not been wholly passive; he holds Niese's view, but how much more humorously and in the tone of a man of the world he states the opinion:—"In Z. 431 Andromache, with that charming naïveté which characterizes her, tells a little wifely fib about an imaginary escalade that she may thereby detain her husband in safety in the city." Poor Niese writes more formally:—"Im 6. Buche will Andromache den Hector in der Stadt zurückhalten, und bittet ihn, das Heer an einer schwachen Stelle der Mauer aufzustellen. . . . Es ist eine Improvisation der Andromache"—not "a charming little wifely fib," only "eine Improvisation." It is not till he reaches p. 73 that Mr. Wilkins finds himself in contact with Niese's remarks on Sidonian garments (Z. 289), while higher on the next page he encounters Niese's observations about Antiphus (p. 39). Here Mr. Wilkins commits himself to one of those statements which political courtesy styles "thumping." In the *Odyssey* (ii. 17), when Telemachus calls an assembly, an old hero named Ægyptius addresses the meeting, and asks who summoned it? That is really all the old man says. Will it be credited that, according to Mr. Wilkins, old Ægyptius tells his audience how his son, Antiphus, was the last man eaten by the Cyclops? This naturally astonishes Mr. Wilkins, because Odysseus, who had not yet returned, was the only person who knew the melancholy circumstance. Ægyptius, of course, said nothing on the subject, it is a mare's-nest of Mr. Wilkins's own. Niese is not so innocent. He remarks that Ægyptius was thinking of his son,

whom the Cyclops (the poet had already told us) devoured. The poet does not even hint that Ægyptius was aware of his son's death, he says the old man never ceased sorrowing for his son, who had not returned, though he had three other sons, one of whom went with the wooers. Whether Mr. Wilkins followed Niese (wrongly) or not we cannot say; he certainly did not follow Homer. It is a pity that when he is original he should be so absurdly incorrect. Mr. Wilkins set out to show how the later poets, the interpolators, forgot themselves, and, as a proof, he vowed that Ægyptius "relates to his hearers how his son Antiphus was the last to be eaten by the Cyclops," which Ægyptius never did and could not have done.

We have long held that if any man would understand Homer he should first read that author, who did not write in German prose.

Mr. Wilkins devotes the chief of his space (in pages 75 and 76) to some inconsistencies of Dante's. On page 76 he again finds himself treading the darkling path of Niese. The remarkable reflection occurs to him that both before Troy, and in Hades, Achilles shows an anxious love of his absent father (T. 334, D. 488, A. 494). The same reflection is enshrined with the same references, by Niese (p. 41). On p. 77 a crowd of coincidences occur, ending thus—"And it is by no means the result of chance that Patroclus, who is so all-important in the *Iliad*, speaks not a word when he appears in the *Nekyia* (A. 468)." "Und es ist vielleicht nicht zufällig, dass Patroklos, der ganz in die *Ilias* gehört, in der *Nekyia* zwar erscheint, aber nicht redet" (A. 468). On p. 79 Mr. Wilkins happens to wish to quote some "later additions" to the *Iliad* which have "a separate interest in themselves," "deren Interesse in ihnen selbst liegt," and he adduces Z. 152, I. 524, and the serpent and sparrow (B. 304-320). By a remarkable coincidence Niese quotes the same passages. When Mr. Wilkins wishes to show (p. 80) that parts of the *Odyssey* are extensions of the story in the *Iliad*, he hits on a number of texts already arrayed by Niese (pp. 48, 49), and draws similar conclusions. The widening of geographical knowledge (Wilkins, pp. 81, 82) is in Niese (pp. 49, 50). The same references are given, and there is the same remark on the isle of Pharos being twice mentioned. When Niese (p. 51) says that the storm-wind in the *Iliad* is merely "elementare Gewalt," but in the *Odyssey* "ein persönliches Wesen," Mr. Wilkins (p. 82) says that the storm-wind in the *Iliad* is "merely one of the elemental forces of Nature," while the *Odyssey* imagines "a Harpyia," and both authors find a connecting link in *Od. γ. 63 ff.* Mr. Wilkins's references to modern authors coincide with Niese's. When Niese refers to "die Nachweisen" in Bekker's note (p. 59), Mr. Wilkins (p. 87) writes "As Bekker has shown in his notes." His acquaintance with and allusion to Lachmann (p. 88) is the allusion of Niese (p. 60). When Mr. Wilkins displays his knowledge of Nitzsch (*Sag.* p. 255), that knowledge and that reference have been displayed by Niese (p. 64). When Mr. Wilkins, pouring forth his lore in German criticism, gives us Kayser's view that the Eighth Book of the *Iliad* is a kind of cento, Niese has already made the same observation (p. 66). If Mr. Wilkins trots out Haupt and Köchly (p. 95), they have already been arrayed by Niese (p. 76). If Niese gives us Kammer's "acute view" of Achilles as a foot-soldier (p. 119), Mr. Wilkins serves it up (p. 113). Finally, if Niese gives us Nitzsch, Grote, Düntzer, and Kammer in a row (p. 143), Mr. Wilkins learnedly refers (p. 129) to Nitzsch, Grote, Düntzer, and Kammer. Mr. Wilkins's misprint (*v. 284 sqq.*) for *v. 284 ff.* (p. 133) is not found in Niese's reference to Ctesippus (p. 151). It may be noted that Mr. Wilkins's learning about Düntzer's weak theory of the Cyclops and his prayer, and about Kammer's "confirmation" of Düntzer's notion, is anticipated by Niese (Wilkins, p. 147; Niese, p. 173, notes 2 and 3).

In fact, it is amazing how much Mr. Wilkins's knowledge of "the very latest publications of the Press of Germany" (these inspired revelations) agrees with what Niese knew and published four years ago. We are not reviewing Niese; in that case we would try to strike a blow for Homer.

Niese's name occurs just once in Mr. Wilkins's index, with a reference to p. 136!

In *The Virginians*, when Harry Esmond has smitten his cousin Will, Mr. Gumbo is instructed to ask that hero, "Master Will, wool you like any more?" Would Mr. Wilkins like any more? There be "lashins and lavins" at his service.

NEW PRINTS.

OWING to the rapid improvement of photographic engraving and the modern revival of etching, the number of new prints is so great that the reviewer can hardly keep up with them. Undoubtedly, however, the two great classes of collectors have many opportunities denied to their predecessors of even ten years ago. Those who buy to decorate their rooms and fill portfolios with pretty things may gratify any taste they possess to the utmost at a moderate expense. Those who buy as an investment are also very safe, if they exercise the smallest discretion. The day is past when the public could be taken in with ten thousand "proofs" from one plate, and the collector who is deceived will have no pity from us. At the same time, it may be necessary to point out that, though the supply so far quite equals the demand for prints, the quality of that supply may and in many cases does fail. All etchers and all engravers in mezzotint are not first-rate,

and all pictures are not equally suitable for reproduction in black and white. While, for instance, Sir J. E. Millais's generally suffer by the translation, the late Sir E. Landseer's gain immeasurably. Mr. W. Winans is not a Landseer, and only those who have studied the originals can tell how far they are successfully copied in Mr. Josey's etchings. They represent, in six plates, published by Messrs. J. & G. Biddle, of Brighton, various deer-stalking and roe-shooting scenes. They may well appeal to the feelings of a sportsman, if, from the artistic point of view, they may have less interest.

Mr. Robert Dunthorne sends us three large and fine etchings of Westminster Abbey by Mr. Haig, who has, we believe, been long at work on them. In the largest, which is about five-and-twenty inches high by fifteen wide, he has taken a wise liberty with the subject. It represents the eastern end of the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, showing the tombs of Edward III. and Queen Philippa, as viewed from the first apsidal chapel on the south side. In order to show the features of the view as plainly as possible, he has omitted the stone screen, so that the tombs in the foreground appear almost as if they stood in the aisle. It is impossible to quarrel with this deviation. Its success justifies it. The great gloomy vaults overhead, dimly lighted through old and dusty stained glass; the crowded carvings and mouldering images of the Chapel of Henry V. and that of his Queen's descendant, Henry VII.; the multiplicity of detail which in less skilful hands than Mr. Haig's would have become spottiness, are all faithfully indicated, but in strict subordination to the fine effect of light and shade. So much accurate architectural drawing is seldom combined with picturesqueness and depth of general effect. The next in size represents the monument of Henry III., usually looked upon as the earliest portrait effigy of an English king, but lately pronounced by, we believe, no less an authority than Mr. Henry Middleton to be only a conventional head. These questions do not, however, trouble Mr. Haig, who represents the tomb as seen from below, and gives with great care the curiously picturesque and incongruous surroundings. This, like its companion, is a very noble work, but has hardly an equal effect of gloomy grandeur. A view of the choir chancel, with the tombs of the Lancasters, is smaller and altogether less important, but a pleasant and interesting print, showing great ease and mastery of difficult materials. Altogether, Mr. Haig is to be congratulated on the result of his labours, and endeavours to transfer to paper an accurate record of the indescribable effects still to be seen in Westminster Abbey, and in but few others of our modernized churches.

We have received from Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Cie. the first volume of what promises to be a splendid periodical, *Les Lettres et les Arts*. A coloured print after Détaillé forms the frontispiece, and offers another example of the French love for scenes which most nations, situated as they were after the late terrible war, would have endeavoured to forget. As a work of art "La Charge" is marvellous. It is not so much an imitation as an actual forgery of a water-colour sketch. "Les Rois Mages" and M. Dubufe's "La Musique" are not very pleasing; but the illustrations to M. Frédéric Masson's "Le Déisme pendant la Révolution" are exceedingly vivid and accurate in details, if perhaps too realistic. The contributors include, besides those we have mentioned, MM. Jules Simon, C. Gounod, Jules Lemaitre, and Henry Houssaye among the writers, and MM. Rafanelli, Levy, Popelin, and Kaemmerer among the artists.

GOthic ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.*

AMONG the writers who have elevated the study which is on the one side architecture and on the other archaeology to its present accuracy and popularity, no one can appeal to a longer and more honourable record than Mr. Bloxam. When his name first emerged the oracle was that industrious Quaker of Birmingham, Rickman; and now, like Nestor, he has seen generation after generation pass away, while in his careful and methodical fashion he has gone on steadily improving opportunities and perfecting knowledge. In the year 1829 the first edition appeared of Mr. Bloxam's *Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture*, and we have now in our hands the eleventh, in two volumes, with an ecclesiastical supplement making a third one. This one is full of most interesting details of post-Reformational episcopal and clerical vestments in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Speaking of the strange phenomenon of the Puritan Archbishop Sandys, who died in 1588, being represented with a chasuble in his effigy at Southwell Minster, he remarks that the attire, "though perfectly legal, is difficult to account for." We have no hesitation in recommending these volumes to all who take an interest in ecclesiastical studies.

THE ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

IF "Well begun is half done," the *English Historical Review* (Longmans), a new quarterly, the first number of which has just made its appearance, under the editorship of Canon Creighton, ought to have secured its place. The only doubt that can be felt as to the prosperity of such a periodical is the doubt whether it

can obtain a sufficient number of regular subscribers, the public of book-buying students being unquestionably smaller in England than in any other of the great civilized countries of the world. The editor has, we think wisely, endeavoured to meet this difficulty by appealing to others beside students. The latter may chiefly appreciate the excellently arranged and exceedingly useful bibliography of recent historical works, and perhaps also the direct "Reviews of Books," though the names of the reviewers—Canon Driver, Mr. Prothero, the editor, Mr. Gairdner, Mr. Bryce, and others—are sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their work. But the larger articles are almost all generally readable. The notes (signed Δ) on the *Greville Memoirs*, and based upon private information furnished by Lord Grey, have almost the importance of a State paper. Mr. Freeman's "Tyrants of Britain, Gaul, and Spain" in the early years of the fifth century (an article based, we believe, on recent lectures of his at Oxford) contains at least one very striking and romantic story, the death of the partisan leader Gerontius. Professor Seeley's "House of Bourbon" is unfortunately titled. It should be "The Family Compact," and of that matter it gives a useful treatment, though Mr. Seeley has, we think, somewhat miscalculated the effect of the Treaty of Utrecht, owing to an exaggeration of the recovery of French power in the eighteenth century. The Provost of Oriel's paper on the relation of Homer to early Greek history is thoroughly scholarly, and Lord Acton's long and discursive account of "German Schools of History" exhibits very well his enormous erudition and his subtle and interesting thought, though it is marred here and there by eccentricities of expression. "Cathartic poetry" is a most unfortunately ambiguous phrase, and the exact meaning of the statement that "Michaud was flogging all the dead horses of the first Crusade" is rather debatable. Perhaps, however, the most valuable, and certainly the most interesting, part of the *Review*, both to the miscellaneous reader and the scholar, will be the "Notes and Documents," which form a separate division, and which will always form an attraction if Mr. Creighton can keep them at the level of interest of this number. Mr. Garnett discusses some early poems on Cesar Borgia; Mr. Law handles the very interesting case of Cuthbert Mayne's disputed treason; Mr. Gardiner abstracts an early tract on Liberty of Conscience; and Mr. Dobie gives in full the forged letter of Increase Mathers concerning the New England Charters; while American history is also concerned in a still more interesting epistle describing Braddock's rout, by one who was in the army, though not actually present at the fighting. The whole makes a capital number.

SOME BOOKS ON POLITICS AND CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.*

WE entertain not the slightest doubt of Mr. Kebbel's accuracy, conscious and unconscious, when he tells us that the articles in the *National Review* which he has worked up into his book were deliberately planned as parts of a History of Toryism. But still we think that "Tory Prime Ministers from Mr. Pitt to Lord Beaconsfield" would have been a better title. For, in the first place, it is a much closer description of the actual contents of the book. A history of Toryism, even within the limits which Mr. Kebbel has chosen, would, to deserve its name, have to deal with a great many things which he has hardly touched on here—with the attitude of different parts of the country towards the parties of change and of conservation respectively, with the differences which have come over that attitude from time to time, and with other subjects of the same kind. It was inevitable that Mr. Kebbel's handling should give, as it actually does give, rather the actions of certain persons than the history of a definite political creed. This, and the additional drawback of beginning the subject at the younger Pitt, are particularly to be regretted at a time when the true nature of Toryism is being constantly misrepresented (and that not merely by irresponsible or unimportant persons) and when it would have been of real value to show that the policy of resistance to change, instead of being the system of blind courting of failure after failure which some honest, and perhaps some dishonest, Liberals try to make it out, is, on the contrary, an indispensable condition of healthy national life. However, Mr. Kebbel has thought differently, and his papers on Tory Prime Ministers of the last hundred years are very pleasantly written and full of knowledge, though (perhaps, again, by a natural consequence of the form selected) there is a little too much arguing on the expediency, the wisdom, and the party soundness of particular actions and lines of action. We shall not enter into detailed criticisms of these *plaidoyers* of Mr. Kebbel's, and we shall only make one little comment on one of them. Mr. Kebbel

* *A History of Toryism 1783-1881*. By T. E. Kebbel. London: W. H. Allen.

The Three Reforms of Parliament. By W. Heaton. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A History of Constitutional Reform. By James Murdoch. Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London: Blackie & Co.

The American Census System. By George W. Lawton. London and New York: Putnam's Sons.

Bad Times. By A. R. Wallace. London: Macmillan.

English Political History 1830-1885. By W. Pimblett. London: Elliot Stock.

The Irish Parliament. By J. G. S. MacNeill. London: Cassell.

* *The Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture*. By Matthew Holbeche Bloxam. Eleventh edition. 3 vols.

says, perhaps a little cavalierly, that a remark of Greville (that Peel "ought to have been a Whig") "only shows that Greville did not understand what it was to be a Tory." It may be so; and yet Greville was rather a clever man, and had seen a good deal both of Whiggism and Toryism, as much perhaps as even Mr. Keibel.

A rush of histories of reform was to be expected after a new Reform Bill. We think we have already noticed more than one: there are two before us now. Neither shows much ability; but, though both are written from a Radical standpoint, there is a marked difference between them, and it is very much in favour of Mr. Heaton. This arises not merely from the fact that his book contains a valuable abstract of the three Acts or groups of Acts; while Mr. Murdoch's is to a much greater extent talkative. Mr. Heaton very honestly avows his Radical sympathies in his preface, and makes no pretence of impartiality, notwithstanding which his account is by no means over-prejudiced. On the other hand, Mr. Murdoch informs us positively that "no contentious matter is introduced, no doubtful history referred to, no bias consciously permitted." We turn to the account of the latest incidents, and we find that "the country had never exhibited such unanimity, and there were no riots, no breaches of the peace, no call even for the police. There was a little show of temper at one or two places in connexion with an attempt on the part of the Conservatives to get up similar demonstrations. They, however, proved a failure." And of the further compromise he writes, "The Lords were satisfied that their case was hopeless. Not only was there to be reform, but there was to be a Franchise Bill without a Redistribution Bill accompanying it." On the very next page Mr. Murdoch himself has to record the production of the Redistribution Bill to accompany the Franchise Bill. Now, we are not very fond of Radicals, and we have no particularly high opinion of some of them. But we doubt very much whether Mr. Murdoch could get a majority of any fairly chosen jury of Radicals to endorse the statements in these quotations. History written like this is worse than useless. When Mr. Murdoch informs us that "the representative of a constituency must be a delegate. He is not a master, but a servant, and if he is a servant he must be paid," or when he tells us that the process of reform must terminate in a Republic, he is talking matter which is certainly mischievous, and possibly absurd, but which is within his rights to talk. It is within the rights of no man to make such statements as those quoted above. The sole merit of the book is that it contains in its substance a rather full running abstract of the various debates—indeed, the text to a very great extent consists of this abstract.

Mr. Lawton's book on the Caucus is awkwardly written (it opens with the words "Charles Sumner states he was asked") and the author seems to be a rather silly person. He is dreadfully shocked at the late Sir James Grant Suttie kissing a Dunbar fishwife the other day while canvassing, and describes that Arcadian scene as one where "indecency and ignorance completely ruled the hour." But his volume contains a certain number of facts and anecdotes about the famous nuisance, which, like the canal weed, and the potato beetle, and other evils, America has sent us. The best English story about the Caucus Mr. Lawton does not give—indeed, he is not likely to know it, for we are not sure that it has ever been printed. The great Mr. Ch-mb-l-n, in one of his *mollora tempora*, was, it is said, once being "chaffed" somewhat in a London drawing-room (let robust provincial Radicals tremble to think of their Joseph exposed to the influences of such Circian places) on the subject of the Caucus. "How many men does it take to make a Caucus?" said one of the scoffers to the Incorruptible. "One, if he's unanimous," replied Mr. Chamberlain, with manly waggishness, and perhaps not without a secret reference to himself. However, we admit that Mr. Lawton could not know this legend; nor was it his special business to give it. What was his business he has done, with the above limitations, very fairly. He starts with the supposed origin (which, it seems, can be proved to be unhistorical, and which certainly belongs to a very dubious order of etymology) of the word in certain meetings of the Boston ropemakers and "caulkers." Long before these meetings, however, a "Caucus Club" is spoken of, which, it seems, devoted itself in the intervals of business to the humanizing occupations of smoking and (Oh! Sir Wilfrid) drinking flip. The main business of the Caucus, however, even at that time, was put by contemporaries with singular simplicity and force. It was "to lay plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power." Schnadhorst could not say more, even if they had a fit of candour upon them. As early as 1823 Governor Throop, of Georgia, evidently a purist, was very severe on word and thing in a "Message." The austere Governor says to his own State Legislature:—"What precise and definite meaning the Legislature of Tennessee [which had denounced the Caucus *eo nomine*] designs to attach to the word Caucus I cannot conceive. It is not an English word. It is not to be found in our dictionary; and, being an uncouth word and of a harsh sound, I hope it never may. It is not to be found in the Constitution and laws of Tennessee; and, being a mere abstract conception, cannot become a subject of legislation at all." Alas! alas! Governor Throop must have lived to see in his own country, what Englishmen of a later generation have lived to see in their own case, that the Caucus is something a great deal more and worse than a mere abstract conception. However, there is all the more reason why its history should be written, and, though Mr. Lawton, besides his other foibles, is a little subject to the weaknesses of seeing Caucuses in every bush

and talking about Moses and Abimelech and the ancient Germans, his book is not long enough to be tedious.

Although Mr. A. R. Wallace's adoption of some of the most mischievous and unreasonable crazes of the present day makes it unfortunately necessary to look upon his practical understanding with considerable distrust, his intellectual gifts, his singular modesty, his wide range of knowledge are worthy of respect not less considerable. We are not surprised that the essay which he reprints under the title of *Bad Times* did not gain the Pears' prize offered recently for a discussion of the depression of trade. But it is characteristic of him that in his preface he alleges almost apologetically his early experience of land-valuing as an excuse for dealing with the subject. There are men of science who have not half Mr. Wallace's claims to the public ear, and who do not think it necessary to make any apology for instructing that ear with their views, unasked, on any subject from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. Undoubtedly Mr. Wallace's twelve years' apprenticeship to land-surveying and land-valuing must have supplied him with valuable information, though we are bound to point out that this experience is now of rather old date, having ceased, if we are not mistaken, for nearly forty years, or exactly at the period when the abolition of the Corn-laws entirely altered the conditions of English country life. The essay is written with great moderation of tone and in Mr. Wallace's usual luminous and orderly fashion. But it is, and cannot but be, tainted with the author's well-known Socialist views. According to Mr. Wallace, foreign loans, which he hates especially, bloated armaments, and the divorce of the labourer from the land are the three causes, not merely of agricultural but general commercial depression. "Even the bad seasons," says Mr. Wallace, going further, we think, than any one not a mere shameless "politician" has yet gone, "would have been comparatively harmless under a thoroughly good system of land tenure." It is, of course, idle to attempt here to thrash out once more the hundred times thrashed grain of this controversy. Let it only be said that, unless capital is itself an evil (and if it is it is surely unnecessary to descend to *axiomata media* about foreign loans), it is difficult to see what final harm foreign loans can do, though no doubt, if they are rashly contracted and unwisely spent, they may cause local disturbances; that though bloated armaments are no doubt bad, their existence in foreign countries would seem to be favourable rather than otherwise to English trade as lessening competition, and to some extent at any rate providing employment by demand for war material. As to the land question, that has long got into the most hopeless of all conditions—the condition in which people simply refuse to look at the facts. By concentrating his attention on a few successful instances of the allotment system in England (instances counterbalanced by numerous unsuccessful ones and valueless to his own case, inasmuch as this system is merely the parasite of the actual system which he wishes to remove, the ivy which is only supported by the wall), and by neglecting altogether the condition of countries where "a sound system of land tenure" does exist, or, at any rate, neglecting the conditions which exist there and do not exist in England, Mr. Wallace has no doubt deceived himself. There is no more doubt of his honesty than of his scientific ability. But he will hardly deceive any one who looks at the facts as facts, and with neither prejudice for nor interest in the land system of England.

Of Mr. Pimblett's history of the second Gladstone Government it is sufficient to say that the author is an amiable but fervent believer in the possession by Mr. Gladstone of all the virtues. Nothing more need be said to enable any one of whatever politics to judge of the value of his history.

Mr. Swift MacNeill's short history of the Irish Parliament—that is to say, the Irish Parliament not merely after its emancipation from Poyning's law, but also in the earlier period—is compendious, and contains a good deal of information which, no doubt, is not so easily obtainable elsewhere as it ought to be. Mr. MacNeill's attitude towards his subject is not exactly that of an impartial critic. He adopts, without any apparent suspicion of their fallaciousness, phrases about the "foreign" element in the Irish peerage; he speaks of "the ferocious reign of Queen Anne and the still more scandalous period of George I." Still, his book being mainly a cento of quotations from fairly well-selected authorities and a statement of indisputable facts as to Acts of Parliament, &c., this attitude is not as mischievous as it might be, and the book is useful. It might, perhaps, have been made more so if Mr. MacNeill had arranged his facts rather in strictly chronological order than by subjects.

JOHN NEWBERRY.*

IN the literary anecdotes of the last century the old booksellers make no inconsiderable figure. Jacob Tonson shepherding his flock of Kit-Cats at the "Fountain" in the Strand, or leading them forth in summer "to feast on *Hampstead's* airy Head"; Bernard Lintott riding through Windsor Forest with Mr. Alexander Pope, and inducting him into the mysteries of translation from the classics; bustling Tom Davies introducing timid Mr. Boswell to his illustrious friend in the famous back parlour at Russell Street; shrewd, muddle-headed Andrew Millar making queer bargains

* A Bookseller of the Last Century. By Charles Welsh. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

with Fielding and Thomson in Covent Garden taverns; Cave at St. John's Gate, Dodsley in Pall Mall, Lowndes in Fleet Street—these and half a dozen others rise at once to memory when we turn our recollections toward the book-world of a hundred years ago. To the chronicles of the race Mr. Charles Welsh has recently made a very interesting addition in a volume which he has devoted to the Newberys of St. Paul's Churchyard, and more particularly to the founder of the family, the John Newbery mentioned in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. As a member of a firm of publishers who still do business on the site of the old "Bible and Sun" at the top of Ludgate Hill where Newbery once kept shop, Mr. Welsh is, in some degree, the natural biographer of the rubicund philanthropist who managed so successfully to combine polite literature with patent medicines. Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh are, in fact, Newbery's direct representatives, although they have ceased to supply to a suffering world either Dr. James's Fever Powder or Dr. Hooper's Female Pills. Mr. Welsh has consequently enjoyed the advantage not only of the traditions of his predecessor, but of a valuable accumulation of family records and other documents.

Born at Waltham St. Lawrence, a village in Berkshire, John Newbery left his father's farm when about sixteen, to begin a commercial career at Reading. Here he inherited his master's connexion as a printer and newspaper editor, married a widow, and progressing always in industry and prosperity, decided to start an establishment in London. Before he did this, however, he made a lengthy tour through England, many of the details of which, as given by Mr. Welsh, are highly entertaining. In 1745 he opened his shop, the "Bible and Sun," at No. 65 St. Paul's Churchyard. Here he continued to carry on an increasing business, which, formerly of a most miscellaneous character, he seems now to have restricted to that of a bookseller and medicine vendor. He had the sole management of the sale of Dr. James's celebrated Fever Powder, a nostrum familiar enough in the advertisements of the last century. Walpole was one of its enthusiastic votaries; it was used (so the King told Mrs. Delany) by the Princess Elizabeth; and Goldsmith, as is well known, sent for it in his last illness. Goldsmith was early one of Newbery's assistants in his literary ventures, and worked for him on the *Literary Magazine*, the *Public Ledger*, in which *The Citizen of the World* first came out, and in various other publications. Newbery published Goldsmith's first long poem, *The Traveller*; and it was under the imprint of his nephew Francis, who had a shop in Paternoster Row, that *The Vicar of Wakefield* was first issued in 1766. Johnson, by whom Newbery was greatly respected, also worked for him; and in another of his newspapers, the *Universal Chronicle*, wrote the *Idler*, No. 19 of which, under the name of "Jack Whirler," contains a humorous description of the publisher's sleepless activity. But the speciality of the energetic little man was children's books; and it is to John Newbery that the youthful "Masters and Misses" of his day—a day scarcely so fortunate as our own in juvenile literature—were indebted for *Goody Two-Shoes*, *Giles Gingerbread*, the *Philosophy of Tops and Balls*, *Tommy Trip's Birds and Beasts*, and a hundred diminutive treatises in flowered Dutch-paper covers, for which he exhausted the arts of ingenious advertisement. He died in 1767, ending an honoured and indefatigable life at the age of fifty-four. He had founded a family, of whom Mr. Welsh gives a sufficiently full account, including some extracts from a manuscript autobiography by Francis Newbery, John Newbery's son and successor.

In a bulky appendix, which must have given him immense trouble, Mr. Welsh has accumulated many particulars with regard to most of the publications of the Newberys. But perhaps the most interesting pages in this gossiping book are those relating to a discovery which, in pursuing his inquiries among the Newbery papers, Mr. Welsh was fortunate enough to make with regard to *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The accepted account of the sale of Goldsmith's masterpiece is one of the commonplace of literary history. Johnson—so Boswell's picturesque anecdote tells us—received a hasty summons from the author, who was arrested by his landlady for his rent. Finding that Goldsmith had a novel ready for press, he looked into it, thought it marketable, carried it to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds, brought back the money, and released his friend. Such—summarized after the rapid manner of Mr. Alfred Jingle—is the canonical version. It was reproduced, with careless incoherence by Sir John Hawkins, dressed with fairy fiction by that lively raconteuse Mrs. Piozzi, and romanced with florid garrulity by the septuagenarian pen of Richard Cumberland. From the fact that Johnson says very explicitly that the book was written and sold before *The Traveller*, but published after, Goldsmith's biographers have pretty generally agreed to date the incident somewhere in 1764, in the last month of which year *The Traveller* made its appearance. But in an old account-book, belonging to one Benjamin Collins, a printer of some enterprise at Salisbury, Mr. Welsh found an entry to the effect that as early as the 28th October, 1762, Collins had purchased from Dr. Goldsmith, the author, for 21*l.*, a third share in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 2 vols. 12mo. Upon the score of probability there is no objection to this; indeed, the book itself contains internal evidence that part of it, at least, must have been written about the middle of 1762. But the difficulty which the Collins record at once suggests is this:—How is this inconvenient fact—for fact it undoubtedly is—to be coaxed into agreement with Johnson's statement to Boswell? Collins clearly owned a third

share; for his accounts also show that some years later he sold it. The problem is a seductive one; and, if we may judge by recent communications to one of our contemporaries, has already proved a fertile theme for conjectures, wise and otherwise. One of these is that, as Collins bought one third share for 21*l.*, Johnson must have sold the two remaining shares for 60*l.* This would make the entire purchase-money 81*l.*; and, of necessity, it also assumes that Johnson explained to the buyer that a third share had already been disposed of. Another and rather more reasonable theory infers that Collins bought a share in the book before it was written, or at all events completed for press, and that, when afterwards it came to be so completed, Johnson sold the remaining shares for 40*l.*—a supposition which receives some slender support from the fact that in one of the various versions of the story the sum of 40*l.* is mentioned as the price. But a grave objection to both these proposals—if, indeed, there can be gravity in such a matter of minor detail—is that Johnson says nothing to this effect. Both involve the reconstruction of the Johnson-Boswell account, and both also involve the assumption that Johnson, "strictly attentive to truth"—we are told—"even in the most minute particulars," and making an "exact narration" to one who, with all his faults, is the typical example of a "faithful chronicler," should have represented himself as selling an entire work when he was only selling two out of three shares in it. Of course it may be contended that he was unaware he was only selling part—that Goldsmith in the agitation and irritation of the circumstances neglected to inform him that he had already transferred a share to Collins—and so forth. But, if so, Johnson must sooner or later have found out the real state of the case, and there is no indication that he ever told the story in any other way, or that Boswell ever heard it from him in any other way. At all events, we have no right to solve the difficulty by accusing Johnson of *suppression veri*. Our own explanation is that the Johnson sale preceded the Collins purchase; in other words, that Johnson, having agreed with one of the three subsequent shareholders as to the price, roughly stated in pounds or guineas, obtained from him an advance of the whole, the shareholder in question only purchasing a third share, but advancing the rest of the money to meet Goldsmith's pressing necessity. This would be consistent with Johnson's words that he took back the money to Goldsmith, and yet not preclude the subsequent sale by "the author" of a share to Collins. But there is practically no limit to the edifice of conjecture which might be reared on Mr. Welsh's tantalising *trouaille*; and we must take leave of his book with the noting of another circumstance connected with the *Vicar* to which he draws attention. We are accustomed to think that its merit was immediately recognized by the public; that, as Byron said of Gray's *Elegy*, it "pleased instantly and eternally." Mr. Welsh shows that this is more than doubtful. There were three editions, it is true, in 1766, the year of publication. Nevertheless it was four years (1770) before the fourth edition of one thousand copies appeared, and that edition—according to Mr. Welsh—started with a loss. Four years more elapsed before the fifth edition came out; and by this time Collins, tired apparently of the tardy sale, had transferred to one of his co-partners for the sum of 5*l.* 5*s.* the share for which in 1762 he had paid 21*l.* He seems to have been wise in his generation, for five years more passed away before the sixth edition saw the light.

THREE SCIENCE BOOKS.

PROFESSOR SEELEY'S name is one that comes frequently before the geological public; his voice is often heard in the assemblies of his scientific brethren. No man has a keener eye for minute differences of "process" and form in fossil bones; and few English geologists at least, we should think, have fathered so many paleontological species. He is well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and has had many years' experience in teaching it. On the whole, probably no one is better qualified to carry out the spirit and intentions of Phillips in adapting the *Manual* of the latter to existing requirements. Phillips was the geological Elisha to William Smith's Elijah. William Smith, the Yorkshire surveyor, as every one familiar with the history of geology knows, was the father of English geology, if not, indeed, of the science in its modern developments generally; and Phillips was the worthy son of a worthy sire. His *Manual*, however, the last edition of which appeared thirty years ago, has long been out of date, if not out of print; and it is a question whether, instead of working up a new edition, it would not have been better to compile an entirely new work. Still it is natural that a publisher should wish to charm with the name of Phillips on his title-page, and probably Messrs. Etheridge and Seeley are modest enough to think that they could not have done half so well by themselves as on the lines laid down by their master. In any case, the *Manual*

* *Manual of Geology, Theoretical and Practical*. By John Phillips, LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Robert Etheridge, F.R.S., and Harry Govier Seeley, F.R.S. Two Parts. Part I.—Physical Geology and Paleontology. By H. G. Seeley, F.R.S., Professor of Geography in King's College, London. London: Griffin & Co.

A *Treatise on Ore Deposits*. By J. Arthur Phillips, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

Practical Physics. By R. T. Glazebrook, M.A., F.R.S., and W. N. Shaw, M.A., Demonstrators of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co.

to be up to existing standards must be virtually a new work; in the present volume, indeed, Professor Seeley has retained much of Phillips, modified, however, throughout, greatly added to in large sections, and to a considerable extent re-written. We shall be curious to see the next volume, which will deal specially with palæontology, and which we understand will be entirely the work of Mr. Etheridge. That volume, we should think, will be essentially new; palæontology has advanced during the past thirty years with such giant strides that no conscientious master of the subject could possibly be content with a mere redaction of an old work. In the present volume, we have, on the whole, a full and methodical statement of the great facts and principles of physical geology—a statement which may be generally accepted by the student as sound and fairly exhaustive, and serviceable as a guide to a complicated and far-reaching department of science. After a couple of historico-speculative chapters, Professor Seeley deals with the chief minerals which form the earth, the nature and origin of the various classes of rocks, petrology, stratified rocks, various scenic features, and the several causes which have contributed to the sculpturing of the earth's surface. Considerable space is given to volcanic action and to the rocks which have been modified by heat, followed by chapters on metamorphism, gneiss, mica schist and mineral veins. In the concluding chapters elementary ideas on palæontology are treated and the succession of animal life. Thus it will be seen that the great groups of phenomena with which geology deals, and the various forces which geologists recognize as having been at work to make the earth what it is, are dealt with after a more or less orderly fashion in the present volume. That the order is perfectly logical, or well adapted to the requirements of the student, some may be inclined to doubt. For our own part, as a Manual for the advanced student, we should prefer the text-book of Mr. Geikie, who has treated his subject more exhaustively, with greater fulness of knowledge and clearness of insight, and with an avoidance of speculation which cannot be too much commended in dealing with those who have still to learn the alphabet of their subject. In Professor Seeley's volume Chapter II. seems to us out of its place, and that on Elementary ideas in Palæontology is anything but elementary. The discussion as to origin of species, and on genus and species, is more suited to a special society than to an elementary text-book, and even the Fellows of the Geological Society would find it difficult to grasp exactly the drift of Mr. Seeley's speculations. Indeed, his style seems to us capable of great improvement in the matter of clearness and conciseness. When he speaks of Phillips, for example, as "a sound geologist of balanced philosophical habit," and when, referring to certain theoretical views of his own, he expresses "a hope that days of requisite leisure may yet come, in which the facts dependent on those views may be elaborated to their legitimate issues," we begin to think that Professor Seeley does not always take the trouble to realize what it is he wants to say. We should be very suspicious of "facts" that are dependent on "views," and have always imagined that the true scientific order was to make one's views depend on facts. The chapter on the "Definition and Origin of the Science" is in parts perplexingly verbose; the first few paragraphs seem to be the product of a mind in search of a definition; they are purely tentative, and after having been written should have been condensed into a couple of sentences. If the late Professor Phillips is to blame for this, it was Professor Seeley's duty to have mended matters. Then the few notes in the history of geology are too fragmentary to be of any real use in enabling the student to trace the science to its origins; either mere references should have been given or the section should have been considerably expanded. What is the meaning of the following sentence, the italics being ours?—"If we have succeeded in our elementary task of unfolding the origin of strata and stating the ways in which their origin is bound up with the origin of igneous rocks and the succession of life upon the earth, we shall have failed altogether in our purpose if the reader has not step by step tested both exposition and theory by familiar acquaintance with nature." It suggests Boyle Roche. There are too many instances of such slipshod writing in the book. Only four pages are devoted to coral reefs, and they have not a single illustration. In a book so full of theory and speculation we should have expected some reference to the latest theory of coral formations propounded by Mr. Murray of the Challenger expedition. These are some of the blemishes in a work which is characterized by many excellent features—blemishes which, we hope, may be remedied in a new edition.

Probably no one is better qualified, both from the theoretical and practical sides, than Mr. J. A. Phillips to write a treatise on ore deposits. He has already written much on the subject in detached papers; but in bringing the results of his study and his experience into the form of one handy volume he has done a service for which both geologists and miners will be grateful. The work is divided into two parts; in the first, ore deposits in general are described and classified, while in the second examples are given from the principal mining regions of the Old and New World. In the latter part many remarkable metalliferous deposits of both ancient and modern formation are described, while as a means of forming a standard of their comparative importance copious statistics of production are furnished. The origin of ore deposits or mineral veins has been one of the much-debated subjects of geology. At one stage of the discussion electricity was introduced as having had a powerful influence in the formation and duration

of these veins; but further observation and experiment have shown that electricity has probably had little to do with the matter, and Mr. Phillips has nothing to say in its favour. It is possible that a small percentage of ore deposits may be due to infiltration from above. Where iron ore occurs in beds its origin may be due to the causes which have generally produced stratification. Vein deposits, again, may have originated by causes which betoken segregation from the surrounding rocks; and it seems to be generally admitted that most rocks may have minerals in their composition. But the most reputable authorities are of opinion that fissures and faults have had much to do in facilitating the collection of these treasures of the earth; and that most ores have found their way to their present position by ascending from below dissolved in water or steam, or by sublimation, or by igneous infusion or injection. Thus fire and water have here, as in so many other geological phenomena, played an important part. The whole subject is thoroughly discussed in the first part of Mr. Phillips's treatise, which the intelligent reader will find of real interest. The second part is a methodical stocktaking of the mineral treasures of all kinds in every continent and country where these have hitherto been found. Mr. Phillips has done a valuable service in collecting these statistics into a form which is handy for consultation. The general survey is not discouraging; while in old countries, where man has been digging out these treasures for generations, the attainable supply is evidently decreasing and the working demands more effective and more expensive methods, there are still in many regions ample stores for future use.

Physics, so far as its methods are concerned, has become to a large extent a science of precise measurements; and the first thing that a practical student of the science has to do is to master the various instruments and methods of measurement. No one recognized this more fully than Clerk-Maxwell, to whose work on *Scientific Apparatus* Messrs. Glazebrook & Shaw, in their *Practical Physics*, rightly refer the student. Their most useful manual of apparatus and methods is the result of long practical experience, and will prove of the greatest value to the student. Mr. Glazebrook, at least, was, we believe, a pupil and assistant to Clerk-Maxwell, and is imbued with the spirit of the great master. After a clear and sound explanation of the tenets of measurement and of "physical arithmetic," the authors, in a series of chapters which pretty well exhaust the subject, deal with the many special applications of physical measurements. First we have the more simple quantities—length, area, volumes, angles, time. Then follow measurement of mass and determination of specific gravities; the mechanics of solids, of liquids and gases; acoustics; thermometry and expansion; calorimetry; tension of vapour and hygrometry; photometry; optics in its various phases; spectroscopy, polarized light, and colour vision; magnetism, and the multitudinous phases of electricity. Thus it will be seen the text-book is fairly exhaustive, and the treatment, in our estimation, is as satisfactory as it could well be. The many illustrations are beautiful and precise in execution.

COTTAGES FOR RURAL DISTRICTS.*

PROBABLY the very worst training that any one can have in English style is the constant writing of architectural specifications. Even this, however, is no excuse for such sentences as the following:—"A bedroom should on no account lead to one beyond it. The privacy of the first room is then done away with, and is not suitable in case of sickness." With what the author intended to say, however, we can agree most cordially, as indeed with many other of his views, which are better expressed. But, if any inexperienced landlord is foolish enough to wish to be his own architect, the book before us would furnish him with a good many practical hints as to planning and construction. We cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Menzies has fallen into the usual mistake of providing rather too much luxury of accommodation in his labourers' cottages. The very proper reaction against the old hovels has gone a little too far, with the simple result that farm servants frequently let portions of their houses to summer lodgers, crowding their families as before into the remainder. This, of course, is not what is intended, nor is it either wholesome or desirable in any way. If the kitchen is commodious, and if there is a small scullery, in ordinary cases any other sitting-room will be unnecessary. It must be borne in mind that the increase of space implies the increase of fuel. And surely, when the building of cottages brings no practical return for the landlord's outlay, it is quite absurd to pay for more than the rules of moral and physical health require.

The most useful part of the book before us is undoubtedly the letterpress. The actual plans possess no special merit, and in some cases some very special faults; while the elevations are fidgety without being picturesque, and seem to show little sense of composition. Any repetition of the chimneys should be most carefully avoided by amateurs. At the end of the book is a model specification which is good as far as it goes, but is scarcely full enough for its purpose. Altogether, however, the book is a useful contribution to the literature of the subject.

* *Cottages for Rural Districts.* By William Menzies. Windsor: Welham Clarke.

SCHOOL BOOKS.*

THOUGH published in the series of "Elementary Text-books" issued by Messrs. Blackie, this little book upon *Botany* can hardly lay claim to be considered as a text-book of that science. Indeed in the few introductory remarks prefixed to it by way of preface, the author distinctly deprecates the use of such a title, announcing that this is "emphatically a children's book" and not a "text-book" for South Kensington students. It is rather, as it professes to be, a simple exposition of the phenomena of plant-life, written in a chatty and familiar style, avoiding as far as possible the use of technical words. The author knows how to begin at the beginning of his subject, an art which few of the many writers of children's school books possess. His first care is to make his young students understand that each plant is a living thing which has its several stages of existence and development to pass through, and that these stages succeed and result from one another just as regularly and systematically as the periods in the life of the lower animals or even of man himself. Dividing his subject into three parts, he deals first with the characteristics of the various sorts of roots, and the development of the stem, leaves, and flower. He then passes to structure, reviews the mode in which the tree is built up, and studies the formation of the wood, bark, and pith of the trunk, explaining the physiological functions of the several parts of the plant. The third part deals with the formation of fruit and consideration of the phenomena of germination. Having thus carefully and intelligently considered the mystery of the growth of plants from the first quickening of the seed to the last stages of decay, the author devotes a concluding chapter to the study of that very interesting family of the vegetable kingdom, the flowerless plants, considering them in their several groups, of ferns, mosses, fungi, algæ, and lichens. As an aid to the children's memory each lesson is followed by a short summary of the points of its contents which it is most important to bear in mind. The collection and assortment of specimens by the children themselves, as a means of testing their understanding of the lessons, is very properly insisted on. As an attractive introduction to the study of botany we can cordially recommend this little book. The author has certainly succeeded in his purpose of making this "wide and difficult subject simple and pleasing to young minds."

Celestial Motions is rather a handy-book than a text-book of astronomy. It is intended for the use of grown persons who take an interest in the science, but have not time or opportunity for the study of larger works bearing upon it. The author disclaims all intention of proffering this little treatise as a substitute for these works. It lays claim merely to be a "concise digest of the most important facts which have been discovered regarding the motions of the celestial bodies, and the dimensions of those belonging to our own system." This design has been fairly well carried out. The author has certainly succeeded in compressing a great deal of information into surprisingly little space. Among other useful items, we find a complete list of the small planets, 247 in number, with the name of the discoverer, and date and place of discovery of each. That this list concludes with a planet discovered a week before the publication of the book is very sufficient proof that the information contained in its pages has been corrected down to the latest date.

Now that geography is acknowledged as being of such high educational value, the want of really good text-books is being felt on all hands. To supply this want a fresh crop of manuals springs up periodically, but still the void remains unfilled. Writers and publishers both must think that geography books are like annuals, which die down after a year's use, with such unflinching regularity do they produce a fresh supply. Every one who can hold a pen thinks him or herself qualified to write a text-book of geography. Thus "fools rush in where angels fear to tread"; for every one who has thought upon the subject at all must be aware that the qualifications needed for writing an ideal text-book of geography are of so very high and rare a sort as seldom or never to be found united in one person. In the first place, no conscientious person would undertake to describe a country unless his knowledge of it had been acquired by personal observation. Before setting to work to write his guide-books, Baedeker, so the story goes, travelled over all the routes that he afterwards prescribed to others. This excellent example should be followed by the writers of geographical text-books. And, unless some compe-

tent person can be found who has visited all the countries of the globe, such books should be written collectively, each country being assigned to a writer familiar with it. As its name implies, *The Child's Geography of England* confines itself to one country only, and that the one with which every one is, or ought to be, well acquainted. It is not, however, intended as a first introduction to the study of geography, the first notions of which it is taken for granted have been already acquired from an introductory book by the same author. The importance of map-drawing and oral instruction on the part of the teacher as extensions to the text-book is very properly insisted on under the head of "Hints to Teachers" in the introduction. Numerous questions and suggestions for *visd voce* teaching on each lesson are subjoined as an appendix. The author also wisely insists on teaching to each child in detail the history of its native county before passing to other parts of the kingdom. He eschews the old-fashioned and now happily obsolete plan of giving long strings of names to be learned by rote; indeed, the absence of names is what first strikes one as the characteristic of his pages. We are glad to see a map indicating the position of the chief mineral-fields underlying the surface of the soil, and some notice of the natural forces that have been at work to bring about the diversity of scenery for which our island is famous. At the same time, we cannot help pointing out that there is much matter in these pages that comes rather under the head of statistics than of geography, and which is quite beyond the understanding of readers so young as those for which, judging from the childishness of the style, the book seems to be intended. Figures are quite as oppressive to the memory as names: and, if it comes to a matter of choice between loading the memory with one or other, we should prefer the names of places, as they at least do not change, while the amount and value of produce and revenue and the sum of population vary year by year. Three chapters are devoted to a description of London, which the author, with a modest diffidence as to the value of his descriptive powers, assures his young readers will give them a very good idea of the metropolis, as he popularly calls it, *unless they happen to live there*. Some of the details in this account of London strike one as odd, to say the least of it. Why should it be implied that the Prince of Wales only lives in Marlborough House "during the London season"? Surely he may occupy his town house whenever he likes. Again, to describe the Queen's palaces as "lying close to several public parks" looks as if the author shared the common error of thinking the parks were made first and the palaces afterwards, the fact being that the parks were originally the grounds attached to the palaces which are now thrown open to the use of the public. Then, again, he says that "London possesses a University, which makes up by its fame for what it lacks in age." The two schools of learning belonging to it in London are University College and King's College. This implies that these two Colleges stand in the same relation to the University of London as the Colleges at Oxford or Cambridge do to their respective University. The truth of the matter being that the University of London is merely an examining body with the power of conferring degrees and taking no cognizance of the place nor the manner in which those presenting themselves for examination have acquired their learning. King's College and University College are perfectly independent of it and of each other. The illustrations are very poor, and some of them sadly out of proportion, notably that of the Houses of Parliament, where the clock-tower is widened out so as to lose all its elegance of proportion. In short, *The Child's Geography Book* in more ways than one falls short of the ideal standard of what such a text-book ought to be.

The author of the *Summary of English Grammar* curiously contradicts himself. While he repeatedly asserts that a "Sentence is the expression of a complete thought by means of words," many of his own sentences have been put together entirely without thought whether complete or otherwise. He tells us, for instance, that language is the "modern equivalent for the older term speech." Yet he surely must know that there is no question of age between them; that the one is Romance and the other Teutonic. No one can suppose that the word "speech" is obsolete, since any one who has ever read the Book of Genesis must remember that they stand side by side in the Authorized Version. English grammar is declared to be "that portion of the science of grammar which deals with the speech of the English people," thus fostering the too common error that the first principles of grammar differ in every different language. Nor are the definitions of the separate parts of speech much happier. The indefinite pronoun "One" is credited with denoting an "individual representative of people in general." From these examples it will be seen that this *Summary of English Grammar* is even more foolish and illogical than most of the school grammars already in use.

It is a telling sign of the times that *An Old English Grammar* should be the work of two foreigners. It is written by a German professor and translated by an American one. Dr. Sievers, the author, has struck out the new line of founding his work on the language as exhibited in the older prose writings, instead of following in the track of former writers on the subject, who have given the preference to the poetical texts. He has been led to do so by the consideration that, as the MSS. of these poetical texts are of later date than the poems themselves, they contain a mixture of earlier and later poems, of different dialects, and sometimes even impress words from other Teutonic tongues. Now in the prose we may feel more certain of only having a single dialect to deal with. It is therefore a more profitable subject for the study of the

* *Botany*. By Vincent T. Murché. London: Blackie & Son.

Celestial Motions. By William Thynne Lynn, B.A., F.R.A.S. London: Edward Stanford.

The Child's Geography of England. By W. J. Barrington Ward, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

Summary of English Grammar. London: Rivingtons.

An Old English Grammar. By Edward Sievers, Ph.D. Translated and edited by Albert S. Cook, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.

Object Teaching for Infant Schools. By W. Taylor. London: National Society's Depository.

The Standard Authors' Readers. London: Griffiths, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The Oriel Readers. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

Selections from the Arabian Nights. By George C. Basket. London: Bell & Sons.

Sir Roger de Coverley, and other Essays, from the Spectator. Selected and arranged by Walter N. Dew. London: George Bell & Sons.

Shakespeare's Coriolanus. With Introduction, Notes, &c. By John W. Allen. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

beginner, who ought first to become familiar with the "normal or typical forms of the language." For this reason details touching on the language of poetry alone are left out. Dr. Sievers has followed throughout the historical method, discriminating between the earlier and later grammatical forms; and, although the foremost place is given to the West Saxon, the chief variations of the other dialects are not left unnoticed. The translator has wisely substituted the term "Old English" for the "Angelsächsisch" of the original. Though given carte blanche by the author to make what alterations he might think proper, he has made sparing use of this permission. Any modifications he has made have been confined to "excisions, additions, changes in terminology, and changes in accent." New lights gleaned from recent articles in philological journals he has, however, brought to bear on obscure or doubtful points. A most useful appendix, containing a list of the principal texts extant in the Northumbrian, Mercian, Kentish, and West Saxon dialects, concludes the work. Though at first sight not a little intricate and puzzling, the plan of the Grammar is as simple as is compatible with the very complex nature of the subject it deals with. Dr. Sievers has everywhere striven to harmonize and explain anomalies, instead of leaving them unnoticed. It is evidently not intended for the use of beginners, as an elementary knowledge of Gothic is taken for granted.

Only the first part of *Object Teaching for Infant Schools* ought by rights to bear the title. Great as is the stress now laid on object teaching, it is strange how few of the teachers, or at least of those who write books for the teachers, seem to understand what object teaching really is. The great aim of this kind of teaching is to give children the power of observing accurately and of putting the evidence of their senses into words. To this end the specimens employed must be tangible and of such size as to be conveniently handed from one child to another. When the teacher strays off to lions and whales and elephants and tradespeople, and takes to describing spring and summer and thunderstorms and such phenomena of nature, another set of faculties—the imagination and the memory—are called into play, and the purpose of the object-lesson is virtually defeated. The teachers who use this book would need to know as many trades as the proverbial Jack, so many are the handicrafts into the mysteries of which they are supposed to be capable of initiating the infants.

The *Standard Authors' Readers* are, as the title implies, books of selections from the works of authors more or less well known. Their object is twofold—to give opportunity by practice for acquiring facility in reading, and to educate the minds of the children who read the extracts. This is all a reading-book ought to aspire to. The attempt to teach reading and science at once ends, as all other attempts to do two things at once do, in doing neither. The extracts, both in prose and verse, embrace a great variety of subjects, and their authors bear names well known in literature on both sides of the Atlantic. This set of Readers is one of the best that has come under our notice. A glossary, explanatory notes, and biographical notices of the authors are subjoined as appendices to each part. This is a better plan than that of printing the notes at the end of each lesson, for, as the editor wisely suggests, the teacher ought to consult them himself, and then impart the information he has gathered from them in his own words to the class.

The *Oriel Readers* contain easy reading and dictation lessons for young children. They are prettily got up, and the illustrations are certainly much better than those commonly found in school-books. The sky-blue binding, however, makes them unsuitable for use in the common class of schools, for which, as they have the word "Standard" prefixed to the title, we suppose they are intended.

Hell's series of reading-books are based on the praiseworthy principle that a book intended to teach reading ought to be both interesting and amusing. Each part contains extracts from the works of some well-known author. We have before pointed out that books of selections from a variety of authors are more serviceable for teaching reading, as they give a much wider range of words. The most recently published volumes of the series are selections from *The Arabian Nights* and essays from the *Spectator*. The former has been re-written for use in schools. It is a pity that the style is not simpler. Why should children be taught to use "expiration" for end, "nuptials" for wedding, "traversed" for crossed, "highly indignant" for very angry, and a host of other many-syllabled words whose meaning is better expressed by short ones. We can only advise that these selections should be re-written again, and that the illustrations, which are very bad, should be left out altogether. The essays from the *Spectator* are happily not illustrated, and Addison's English is a pleasant change from the long-winded style of the editor. We must, however, say a word on the selection of the essays. The papers on Sir Roger de Coverley are always charming and valuable as a picture of the manners of the day. As much may be said for the social papers. Such flights of fancy as the "Vision of Mirzah" and the story of "Alnaschar" are delightful also. But some of the other essays are now so decidedly antiquated and behind the knowledge of the present day that they only tend to confuse the minds of children. Such, for instance, is the essay on the English language, where the *s* of the possessive case is treated as a modern corruption representing the "His and Her of our forefathers," instead of being, as it is, one of the earliest forms, a survival that remains to show us that our nouns were once inflected to show case. In another paper we find the too common error of calling Westminster Abbey "that ancient Cathedral" uncorrected by the notes. The paper on

Superstitions, too, is now quite pointless. With so many admirable essays to choose from, surely those we have mentioned might more wisely have been omitted.

Messrs. Longmans, in their "Modern Series," have issued Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* with the full complement of historical and biographical introduction, notes, glossary, examination papers, and all such other crutches for intellect and memory as are looked on as indispensable in the serious work of "getting up" a play for examination. We are so overdone with school editions of *King John*, *Macbeth*, and such other of the plays as examiners have marked out for their prey, that it is somewhat of a novelty to meet with *Coriolanus*. Besides a biographical sketch of the author, the introduction contains a digest of the play and a disquisition on the character of the hero. These in great measure defeat the aim of prescribing the play for school-work, the object of which, we take it, is to teach boys to find out the story of the play by reading it, and to form their own conclusions about the characters from their actions. No attempt is made to point out the occasional introduction of Elizabethan manners, customs, turns of thought and expressions which sit so strangely on the classical characters, nor the misconception as to the relations of patricians and plebeians which runs through the play. The illustrations are even more anomalous than the text. The frontispiece, a "Scene in Rome," gives a view of the Forum such as it might be made by elevating all the buildings from the ruins of their foundations still remaining. This is ingenious enough, but as these buildings were many of them of a much later date, if the picture resembles the Forum at all, it must be the Forum of the Cæsars, and not the Forum of the time of the Volscian war. Still more absurd is it to put windows in the houses in the street-scenes in both Rome and Antium.

CIRCULATING CAPITAL.*

WHEN we first took up this book we were inclined to regard it as a ponderous and clumsy *jeu d'esprit*, an attempt to turn the bimetalists into ridicule by caricaturing their arguments, but there is not a hint anywhere that it is meant as a joke. On the contrary, its tone throughout is earnestly dull. Taking it, then, seriously, we are compelled to say that it is a not very favourable specimen of laborious wrongheadedness. The writer has read the standard English works on political economy; with the Continental, excepting only J. B. Say, he appears to be entirely unacquainted. He has read, however, not for the purpose of conscientious study, but to make parade of a learning he does not possess and to quibble at reasoning he has not mastered. He is one of those objectionable controversialists, too, who cannot believe in the good faith of opponents. He indulges, therefore, in the reprehensible practice of casting personal imputations on those with whom he disagrees. The English or orthodox school of political economy has many defects. Its founders were void of that sympathy which instinctively recognizes the value of opinions founded upon a wide experience, but which lacks the faculty of literary expression. Their teaching, therefore, is often narrow and one-sided. Their methods, too, were incomplete, and their conclusions, as a necessary consequence, are too often wanting in solidity of foundation. But the task of bringing the science into accordance with the fuller knowledge of the present day is not to be advanced by personal imputations, any more than by a shallow and pretentious sciolism. The author of the work before us describes himself as an "East India Merchant." He is persuaded that the depression in trade has its rise in the demonetization of silver, and as he is not satisfied with the usual arguments of the bimetalists, he has ambitiously set himself to reform political economy. He holds that Ricardo diverted the science from its true course; and he would have us discard all that has been done since the days of Adam Smith in analysis, definition, and terminology. The language of the mart and workshop is, in short, in his opinion, alone applicable. Yet how little this "East India Merchant" knows of the language of merchants appears from the following quotation:—"On bills of exchange the words 'Value received' are always written as meaning that the banker advanced the money." We need not tell our readers that the words "Value received" are really written to denote that the bill is based upon a real commercial transaction, and is not mere accommodation paper. Presumably he has all his life been drawing and accepting bills, and, if he understands so little of his everyday work, the reader can judge for himself whether he is competent to play the part of a *savant*. The object the "East India Merchant" has in view is to prove that money is wealth; but his mode of proof is confined to assertion, repeated and reiterated again and again. Of course, if it be admitted that money is wealth, it follows that the more money is coined the wealthier the world will be, and, consequently, that Governments are guilty of the gravest imprudence in demonetizing silver. What, then, the "East India Merchant" was called upon to do was to prove that money is wealth. His only attempt to do this beside mere assertion is to ask, if he sends a thousand pounds to the Antipodes, will it not produce wool? He seems incapable of following out even the simplest analysis, and he refuses to see that it is not his thousand pounds which produce the wool, but the commodities over which command is given to the possessors of the

* *Circulating Capital*. By an East India Merchant. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

thousand pounds. What lies upon the surface of things is to him the things themselves, and he is unable to look beneath, however plain the disclosure may be. At first sight it is difficult to believe that the "East India Merchant's" refusal to admit that it is not money, but "food, fuel, clothing, &c." which set labour to work, is not wilful; but to consider it so would seem to be paying too high a compliment to his intelligence. For example, the late Mr. Jevons points out that the cost of the gold carriage is made up of four principal items:—"The loss of interest upon the capital invested in the money; the loss by abrasion of gold coins; the expense of minting, and the casual loss of coins." Now, it would seem clear to the dullest comprehension that Mr. Jevons means here by the loss of interest upon the capital invested in the money, the loss to the community arising from the fact that money itself yields no interest, and that, consequently, the capital invested in its purchase is unproductive. Indirectly, of course, a good currency is most productive, since it facilitates exchange; but directly money does not grow or increase of itself, and, therefore, gives no interest. Yet the "East India Merchant" thinks that he disposes of Mr. Jevons's analysis by observing that, "even if the Government were to issue a paper currency, the notes would not be lent by bankers without charging interest to the borrower, and the paper would fall in value to a much greater loss to the nation than any possible gain to the Government."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is to be wished that Dr. Nerrlich, in publishing the letters and diaries of Arnold Ruge (1), had followed the example set in Dean Stanley's memorial of Arnold by threading these records with a connecting link of narrative. Ruge, though a man of mark in the intellectual history of Germany, was not so conspicuous a personage that everybody is bound to know everything about him, and the general reader's appreciation of the letters will frequently be impaired from unacquaintance with the circumstances under which they were written. He may marvel to find the first five, extending over a period of three years, dated from Colberg, and will only learn from an autobiographical retrospect much further on in the book that this could not be otherwise, inasmuch as the writer was then a political prisoner in that fortress. During 1834 and 1835 the letters cease altogether; why we cannot discover, and are not told. We would gladly have exchanged the less interesting portions of the correspondence for such a narrative, which is but imperfectly replaced by the editor's few though judicious annotations. Quite enough would have remained; for, notwithstanding this great shortcoming, the book is one of no common value and merit. Ruge was a representative man, of a school, indeed, which has long ceased to exert much influence, but also of tendencies in the national mind which will never die. Like Strauss and Feuerbach, he worked his way from an abstract Hegelianism, acute as a dialectic, but impotent in its pretence to solve pressing practical problems by mere word-juggles, to a creed hardly distinguishable from materialism. He begins with the declaration in an early letter that speculative philosophy is the only true empiricism, and ends with translating Buckle, the amasser of statistics and apostle of matter-of-fact. In this development he sums up one phase of the intellectual history of his nation. "He is the end of our theory and the transition to our practice," says Dr. Nerrlich. In another respect he is highly interesting, and the part he performed is not unlike Lessing's. As founder and editor of the *Hallische*, afterwards the *Deutsche Jahrbücher*, he waged war with Philistinism in every form, and especially with the official repression of independent thought. The undertaking bore in itself the germs of failure from the first; like the Hegelian school itself, it included a right and left wing. Ruge, in his own despite, found himself drifting towards the latter; not only Schwab, but even Strauss, retired; and when Marx and Herwegh have come to be leading contributors, it is time to give up. The curtain falls on a bitter quarrel with Marx, who seems to have always been unable to act for any length of time with anybody. All these persons are depicted with considerable liveliness in the correspondence, as also Heine, whose easy principles provoked the scorn of the earnest Ruge; and Schelling, who for a time took Ruge in by his affectation of sympathy with liberty of thought. It is difficult to understand his animosity against Rahel, who had no other fault than that of being entirely unintelligible. It is suggestive, too, that we find no mention of Schopenhauer, then the dark horse of German philosophy. The first volume leaves him at the close of 1847, publishing on his own account at Leipzig, and looking forward to the triumph of Liberalism with anticipations which the following year seemed for a while to more than justify. The result was to demonstrate his political incapacity and make him an exile. The next volume will probably be especially interesting as illustrating the influence of a prolonged residence in England. Dr. Nerrlich's notes and preface are very good, and it is hardly a fault if his estimate of his hero is somewhat excessive.

Two faults may be found with Georg Brandes's (2) vigorous sketch of the chief figure in Danish literary history previous to

Oehlenschläger. The man is too much mixed up with the age, and the account of him and his life's work is not sufficiently precise. Herr Brandes, writing in the first instance for Danes, naturally credits his readers with a knowledge of Danish affairs which must be wanting to the more numerous public to whom his work can only be known in the German version. The Denmark of the early part of the eighteenth century is a perfect *terra incognita*, and, in fact, seems to have contained very little worth knowing. The sterling qualities of the people were the same then as now; but since the Reformation the country had been visited by no vivifying breath, and stagnated equally undistinguished in arms and arts. There was no literature with a classic stamp; the language had become clownish and uncouth; the accent of ordinary conversation seemed both to the Englishman Molesworth and the Frenchman Regnard like a perpetual whimper. At this juncture Holberg appeared, and within a generation the genius of one man had refined the language, given Danish literature a style, and bequeathed models of composition in epic, satire, comedy, and novel. Such a benefactor may well appear an heroic figure to his countrymen, and such, in fact, he is; but the reader to whom Danish circumstances are unknown must involuntarily test him by another standard than that applied by Herr Brandes. This want of a common measure makes the critic's enthusiasm appear somewhat excessive, though his evident sincerity prevents its appearing exaggerated. It may be regretted that the account of Holberg's works, especially his comedies and romances, is not more thorough and pragmatic, and that the translated specimens are not more numerous. It would in any case be doubtful whether Holberg could be thoroughly naturalized out of his own country; not so much on account of individuality or national peculiarities as for a contrary reason, the strictly classical character of his style. He is entirely alien to the romantic spirit which spread over Europe after his day, and by which Scandinavian literature has been so powerfully affected. The brilliant school of Oehlenschläger and Paludan Müller, so rich in motives borrowed from all literatures and all mythologies—the realistic and yet poetical school of modern Norwegian fiction and drama—owe him little or nothing. He communicated a general intellectual rather than a definite literary impulse to the Danish mind, and remains in the history of his country a great lonely figure, indebted to no precursor and accompanied by few disciples.

Henry Thode's work on St. Francis of Assisi (3) in relation to his connexion with early Italian art is, the writer tells us, the fruit of a long residence in Italy. He has been three times at Assisi, and has fully imbibed the spirit of the old frescoes which in a manner make St. Francis's ideas visible. The relation between his tender spirituality and the particular phase of art expressed in the works of Giotto is very obvious. Herr Thode expounds it at a length perhaps unnecessary, but which we readily excuse in consideration of the fascination the subject has possessed for him. After an introduction he discusses, first, the contemporary and the later portraits of St. Francis; then the early representations of the various episodes of his legend. Architecture succeeds; and the simple yet exquisitely attractive church of St. Francis at Assisi is treated, first in itself, then in its pictorial and other artistic adornment. Chapters on Italian Franciscan churches in general follow, treating, in the first place, of the timber-roofed churches of Umbria and Tuscany; next of the vaulted churches of Northern Italy. In the latter part of the work the history, philosophy, preaching, and poetry of the Order are described, and its influence on Scriptural art in general examined, with the aid of copious illustrations. In the general conclusion St. Francis is defined as the representative of the general mass of the people, becoming conscious of its position, and asserting its claim as the third order of society. From this point of view it is significant that Francis's life coincided with the origination of the English Parliament.

The "Old Pitaval" (4) is an instance of a good idea being appropriated and so greatly improved upon that its original application has become little more than a memory. While Gayot de Pitaval's compilation is limited to the criminal jurisprudence of a single country, the "New Pitaval" of Hitzig and Harring ranges over all, and is executed with a thoroughness and scientific knowledge to which its rather loose and gossiping model can make no sort of pretension. The latter is nevertheless a repository of remarkable cases, and frequently interesting from the contrast between ancient and modern methods of investigation. It is thus a good idea of Herr Blum to present a selection of some of the more interesting reports in a considerably abridged form, with enough of legal criticism from himself to render them instructive as well as entertaining. Among the more remarkable are the tragedy of Urban Grandier; the extraordinary affair of the false Caille, the French Tichborne, whose imposture was not a little aided by the religious bigotry of the period immediately following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and the dismal miscarriage of justice in the case of Mme. Mazel, for whose murder her innocent servant was condemned and executed. In the two most important pieces of the second volume, the historical trials of Montmorency and Cinq Mars, Herr Blum finds himself obliged

(1) *Arnold Ruge's Briefwechsel und Tagebuchblätter aus den Jahren 1825-1880*. Herausgegeben von Paul Nerrlich. Bd. 2. Berlin: Weidmann, London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Ludwig Holberg und seine Zeitgenossen*. Von Georg Brandes. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien*. Von Henry Thode. Berlin: Grote. London: Nutt.

(4) *Aus dem Alten Pitaval: Französische Rechts- und Culturbilder aus den Tagen Ludwigs des Dreizehnten, Vierzehnten und Fünfzehnten*. Ausgewählt und erläutert von Hans Blum. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

to forsake Pitaval almost entirely, and reconstruct the narratives from historical sources.

The publication of Trewendt's great Encyclopædia of the Natural Sciences (5) continues to be prosecuted energetically. The zoological and botanical sections have reached the sixteenth part, the chemical and geological the fifteenth and eleventh respectively.

Richard Mahrenholtz's biography of Voltaire (6) is concluded by a second part treating of Voltaire's exile during the last twenty-eight years of his life, a period adding little to his reputation as poet and dramatist, but that of his most important activity as philosopher, satirist, and pamphleteer. The scale on which Herr Mahrenholtz works is not extensive, but his modest work is a model of candour and equity.

Great attention has of late been paid in Germany to the old marionette theatre (7), and with reason, for the popular literature of no other country can produce so many puppet plays, and one of these humble compositions gave the impulse to Goethe's and to Lessing's *Faust*. We in England should be glad to know what kind of a drama regaled Mrs. Pepys when her husband took her to see the puppet-play of *Holofernes*; in general, however, the dialogue of these pieces, being merely extemporized by the performers, is irrecoverably lost. We are, therefore, greatly obliged to Herr Kralik and Herr Winter for having invoked the aid of stenography to preserve the really excellent performance of an itinerant puppet-showman in Lower Austria. How much of their merit is due to the exceptional talent of the declaimer we do not learn; but the whole cast of the pieces indicates that they are, to a certain extent at least, handed down by tradition from a much earlier date. They strongly remind us of the *Fortunatus* and similar productions of Tieck, which unquestionably owe much to his acquaintance with the popular drama. Five out of the eight are new as subjects for the puppet-stage; and the remaining three—*Faust*, *Don Juan*, *Genoëva*—present very curious and interesting variations on the accepted traditions. In *Faust* the leading character, after the Doctor himself and Mephistopheles, is the Guardian Angel, who unsuccessfully pleads with Faust for his soul. In *Don Juan* the Commander's statue is the effigy of Juan's own father, whom he has murdered. In all these pieces the clown, corresponding to the *gracioso* of the Spanish stage, is an indispensable personage; he is always called Kasper, is generally a servant, and his absurd behaviour mitigates the painful impression of his master's woes when the latter is carried off by the devil or sold to the Turks. In a dramatic point of view these humble amusements of the fair surpass the more pretentious, and in some respects not less interesting, *Fuchsmund's Olla Podrida* (8) of J. A. Stranitzky, the delight of unfashionable Vienna audiences of the early part of the eighteenth century, and now disinterred by R. M. Werner. Stranitzky's pieces are not national except by adoption, being nearly all adapted or translated from the French versions of the Italian harlequin theatre. Nor are they strictly dramatic, having no plot, but being for the most part simply dialogues between Harlequin and some representative of the class designed to be satirized, rather in the manner of Lucian than of Aristophanes. They have, however, sufficient humour to be worth preservation. One (No. 3) is so like the scene in Molière's *Mariage Forcé*, where Sganarelle consults the philosophers, as to make it worth inquiry whether both were derived from a common source. The twenty-six *Fastnachts-Spiele* (9) of the early part of the sixteenth century, edited by Vigil Raber, an entirely new and unexpected discovery, are also very interesting, not only as precursors of the regular German drama, but as specimens of dialect.

The November number of the *Rundschau* commences a series of articles on the youth of Raphael, by Herman Grimm, and concludes Paul Baillen's study on Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia. Both are agreeably written and interesting from the subject; but neither adds much to our information. "Basseville's Shade," by W. Lang, treats of the fine poem by Monti, subsequently made almost ridiculous by the recantation of the time-serving author—in which the spirit of the murdered ambassador was made the vehicle of the denunciation of the Republic he served—and of a much less known but very spirited lyric by another French diplomatist, Karl Reinhard, a man of German birth, taking a totally opposite view of the transaction. "The Female Judge," by C. F. Meyer, is a German tale of the good old sort, full of horrors, visions, and notes of exclamation. The chief contribution to the December number is the beginning of a story by Bret Harte, "Snowed up in Eagle's," hardly so characteristic of the writer as usual, but a vivid picture of life in California. The memoirs of Herr von Wolffradt, Minister of State in Brunswick, are not in general very interesting, but contain a curious indictment of the Princess Augusta, sister of George III., for having brought albinism and weak sight almost amounting to blindness into the Brunswick family. These imperfections, it is satisfactory to learn,

did not originate with the Royal Family of England, but with the House of Gotha, to which the Princess's mother belonged. Good sense, goodness of heart, beauty, and grace are declared to have been united in Queen Caroline, George IV.'s unfortunate Consort; whom, however, the Minister never saw after her marriage. "Mena's Wedding," by Clara Biller, is an exceedingly lively sketch of the manners and customs of Moorish Jews. The late Gustav Nachtigal's letters from Africa in 1869 are not devoid of interest, but would hardly have been published but for the present craze for African colonization, which Mme. Biller pleasantly ridicules by lamenting that she cannot lay the scene of her adventures at Angra Pequena or the Cameroons.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. THIAUDIÈRE informs us that he has taken more pleasure in the composition of *La proie du néant* (1) than in that of any of his other books. Of these latter a goodly list is printed on a fly-leaf, though we regret to say that, with the possible exception of a novel or two, we do not know much about them. However, a book is to be judged by itself, and not with reference to something else. So judged, *La proie du néant* (which is sub-entitled "Notes d'un pessimiste," and which consists of *pensées* on the disappointing character of the present life, and the uncertainty, if not impossibility, of anything before or beyond it) is a book showing a certain literary faculty, accompanied by a good deal of simplicity in sentiment. M. Thiaudière has evidently studied most carefully how not to be offensive to any respectable person. He points out to aggressive atheists and dogmatic materialists that they are quite as illogical as the orthodox, and much more wanting in good taste; his ethics are, on the whole, irreproachable, and his cynophilism (he is an ardent lover of dogs) does not appear to be a mere cloak for misanthropy, though he is very, very sorry for his fellow-men and a little contemptuous of them. The chief faults to be found with him, besides his rather hasty assumption that you must not believe anything which you cannot prove (the commonest of all fallacies, the true position being that you must not believe anything you can disprove), and his rather exaggerated estimate of the misery of man, are two. The first is that his *pensées* too often lack that distinction of expression which is the only justification of such things. "I always think," said a very competent and lenient judge, taking up *La proie du néant*, "that any man who can write French could reel these things off if he chose by the thousand," and there is a good deal of truth in the criticism. The language has been so shaped to terse, and at least apparently pointed, expression by generation after generation of clever writers, its transparent clearness is so conveniently deceptive as to depth, and its vocabulary and phraseology lend themselves so automatically to antithesis and epigram, that *pensées* by the ream can be turned out with the very smallest exertion of original faculty by any one who borrows the moulds of La Rochefoucauld and his followers. We must say that in M. Thiaudière's two hundred and forty pages we have observed but few striking novelties, even of form. As for matter, his work, though it may not be wholly spoilt, is certainly not improved, by the apparent complacency and air of pleased fatherhood with which he adopts sentiments and judgments as old as Hilpa and Shalum. It may, indeed, be difficult (La Bruyère thought it impossible a couple of hundred years ago) to say anything new on such subjects as the general fate and fortune of man; but it is surely possible to avoid saying old things as if they were new. However, M. Thiaudière, for all his pessimism and his agnosticism, and his adoption of some commonplace and quite erroneous doctrines as to particular instances of the vanity of things, is not a writer whom one can dislike on the whole; and with a comfortable stool to be melancholy upon he will be found a very suitable companion for an hour or two.

M. Noël Blache has already written on Provence, not without success; and his *Claire de soleil* (2) (short tales or sketches, partly narrative, partly dealing with manners) also have merit. The jealousy of South and North (recalling not a few amusing parallels to men of other countries) in "Patron Lazare"; country peculiarities in "Le rebouteur"; comedy, broad, but not too broad, as Mr. Woodhouse would have said, in "Noces blanches," the story of a *virgo misogamos* who determined to celebrate her thirtieth birthday by a wedding festival without a husband, and found Dan Cupid one too many for her; tragedy in "Les jumeaux" and "La Carmélite," are all well dealt with. M. Blache should have a future. *Jean Marcellin* (3), on the other hand, is the kind of book which promises nothing, except, perhaps, that, unless the author changes his models, he will never come to good. A commonplace story of the usual trio, with a duel and some finance thrown in, is not a thing which requires much notice. M. Alphonse de Launay, as a writer of "plunger" stories, has not quite the verve of Théocritt; but he is also less liable than that agreeable officer to indulge in the delinquencies long ago described as capable "de faire rougir les capitaines de dragons." *Discipline* (4) is not a collection of short stories, but a substantive novel. We think

(5) *Encyclopédie der Naturwissenschaften*. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(6) *Voltaire's Leben und Werke*. Von R. Mahrenholtz. Th. 2. Oppeln: Franck. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *Deutsche Puppenstücke*. Herausgegeben von Richard Kralik und Joseph Winter. Wien: Koenig. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Ollapodrida des durchgetriebenen Fuchsmund*. Von J. L. Stranitzky (1711). Wien: Koenig. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Elf Fastnachts-Spiele aus des Jahres 1512-1535*. Nach Aufzeichnungen des Vigil Raber. Wien: Koenig. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *La proie du néant*. Par Edouard Thiaudière. Paris: Ollendorff.

(2) *Claire de soleil*. Par Noël Blache. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Jean Marcellin*. Par Albert Miroux. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Discipline*. Par Alphonse de Launay. Paris: Ollendorff.

we like M. de Launay better in little. The short tale, however, reappears in *Les inconscients* (5), the work, we believe, like the book which heads this batch of fiction, of a rather young writer. "Saint-Landri," however, has not, like M. Blache, the advantage of drawing upon the peculiarities and local colour of a distinct and interesting district, and he is a little given to follow the multitude (which is not at this moment, if it ever is, a good multitude) to do evil in his choice of subjects. Thus his first story, "L'abandonnée," though pathetic enough, is without the touches which would take it out of the common run of naturalist stories. "Le légataire" is better, and "Souillard fils" perhaps better still. "Saint-Landri's" strong point is a quiet, half-ironical fashion of recording the half-unconscious basenesses of the ordinary human being. It is a good gift, but one not altogether easy of exercise.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AN old controversy is revived by the appearance of the late Professor De Morgan's *Newton, his Friend, and his Niece* (Elliot Stock), a book that represents the research of many years grafted on an article written for "The Companion to the Almanac" in 1858, and rejected by the editor, Mr. Charles Knight, as "not generally interesting." It is now edited by Mrs. De Morgan and Mr. Arthur Cowper Ranyard. From time to time in the pages of *Notes and Queries*, and in a review of Sir David Brewster's *Life of Newton*, the writer had endeavoured to prove that Newton's niece and friend—Miss Catherine Barton and Lord Halifax—were secretly married, and that the scandalous gossip of Mrs. Manley's Memoirs, "written by Eginardus," and Voltaire's sneering reference to Newton's success in life were utterly baseless. There is now no ground to doubt that from the year 1706 to the death of Halifax in 1715 Catherine Barton lived with Halifax, though Brewster denied the fact and, like Macaulay, regarded their relations as purely Platonic. The present volume comprises a critical examination of Brewster's *Life of Newton* and an inquiry concerning Catherine Barton, especially as to "where and what she was from 1706 to 1715." In 1856, and after the publication of Brewster's second biography, Professor De Morgan met with a letter from Newton to his kinsman Sir John Newton, which in his judgment completed the evidence he had already adduced in favour of the marriage hypothesis. The letter is dated four days after the death of Halifax, and contains the sentence following:—"The concern I am in for the loss of my Lord Halifax, and the circumstances in which I stand related to his family, will not suffer me to go abroad till the funeral is over." This, it is argued, can only refer to the marriage, though it might be interpreted as merely alluding to Newton's intimacy with Halifax or his obligations to him—a reading that is not even entertained by Professor De Morgan; while the supposition that the reference is to anything dishonourable at which Newton had connived is curtly dismissed with the remark, "The times were bad, but not bad enough for this." Taken, however, with the whole body of evidence, the letter is undoubtedly an important item of a strong case, and it drew from Macaulay—who opposed the writer's theory—the confession, "I do not entirely reject your hypothesis."

History and biography are inextricably combined in *The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles*, by Mr. George S. Merriam (T. Fisher Unwin). The connexion of Bowles with the Springfield Republican commenced with the period when Texas was annexed to the United States, and the career of the eminent journalist ended only in 1878, while still editor and proprietor of the *Republican*. A prominent characteristic of that newspaper was its early declaration of independence, and, in spite of its name, it continued through all the eventful years succeeding 1855 to be free of all party ties. Of the success and enterprise of Samuel Bowles, and the aid he received from the late Dr. J. G. Holland and other well-known literary men, Mr. Merriam's two volumes afford a suggestive record.

Professor Oscar Schmidt's *The Mammalia in their relation to Primeval Times* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is the latest addition to the "International Scientific Series." The book is fully illustrated by woodcuts after drawings by the author's daughter.

The more recent and important researches into the nature of snake-poisons are summarized in Mr. Vincent Richards's *The Landmarks of Snake-Poison Literature* (Calcutta: Traill). As a member of the late Indian Commission Mr. Richards is an authority on the question of antidotes, and the chapters of his little book devoted to this important branch of the subject are full of interest.

The new reprint of Mr. John Morley's works, of which the *Voltaire* (Macmillan & Co.) is before us, is neatly bound and unexceptional in type and paper.

"Our boys, and what to do with them," is the motto of a very useful handbook by Mr. Stansfeld-Hicks, entitled *The Merchant Service* (Norie & Wilson). The information and advice are just what parents require, and the illustrations are excellent.

We have received Lord Ronald Gower's *Last Days of Marie Antoinette* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); *The Industrial Situation*, by J. Schoenhof (G. P. Putnam's Sons); Mr. R. L. Collier's *English Home-Life* (T. Fisher Unwin); Mr. Alfred Emery's *Orpheus, and other Poems* (T. Fisher Unwin); *Songs for Labour and Leisure*, by Clara Thwaites (Nisbet & Co.); *Lays from Legends*, by Wilhelmina Baines (W. H. Allen & Co.); and the

collected *Poems* by William Wetmore Story, in two volumes (Blackwood & Sons.)

Among our new editions are the first volume of the "Avon Edition" of Shakespeare (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); the student's edition of Mrs. Mary D. Sheldon's *Studies in General History* (Boston: Heath); the second edition, enlarged, of Mr. William Crookes's *Chemical Analysis* (Longmans & Co.); the first volume of the *Law Quarterly Review*, edited by Mr. Frederick Pollock (Stevens & Co.); *The Catholic Directory* for 1886 (Burns & Oates), and an illustrated edition of *Johnson's Enemies*, by Mr. Edward Jenkins (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

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